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WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1934.

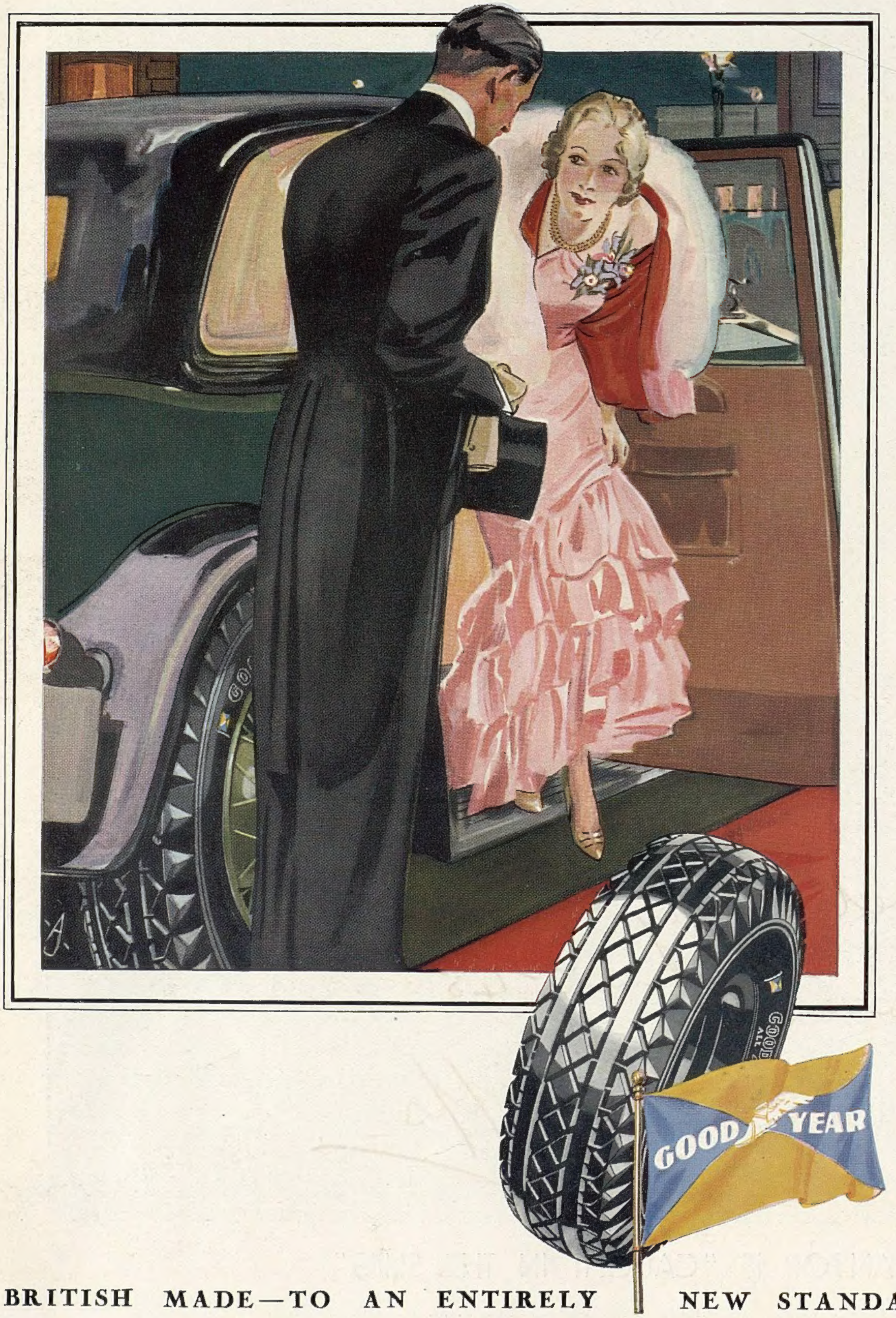
The Sketch

No. 2164.—Vol. CLXVII. ONE SHILLING.

GRAN'POP IS "CAUGHT IN THE SLIPS."

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

In Flowers — it's Orchids



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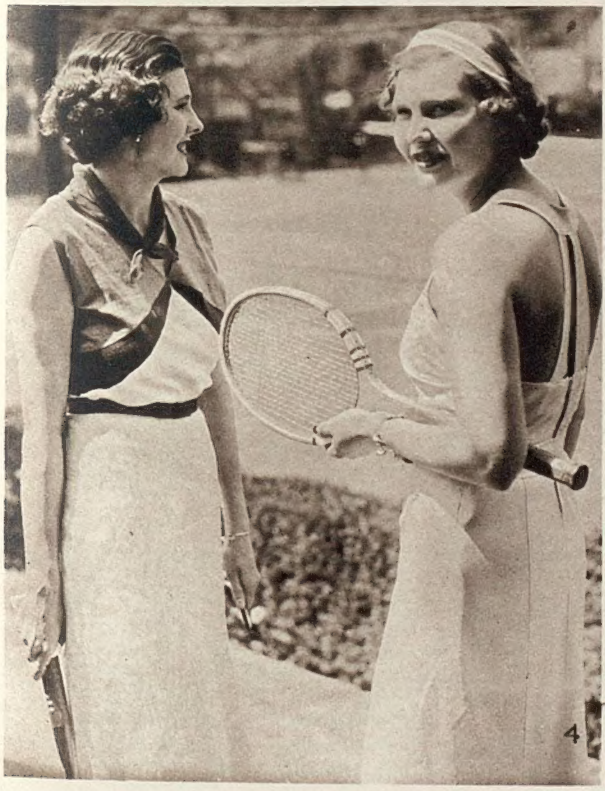
SHORTS AND SKIRTS: TO-DAY'S TENNIS FASHIONS.

1. *Lawn tennis fashions of to-day could be studied at Lady Crosfield's Lawn Tennis Exhibition Match party. MRS. FEARNLEY-WHITTINGSTALL'S dress was made with full, pleated shorts in place of a skirt. She is with DR. PRENN and MISS IRENE CLARK*
2. *MRS. SATTERTHWAITE wore neat, full shorts. She is with MR. CYRIL TOLLEY, the distinguished golfer, who also plays a good game of lawn tennis.*
3. *MRS. "BUNNY" AUSTIN (Phyllis Konstam) wore pale-pink shorts. She is with MISS JOAN BUCKMASTER, daughter of Gladys Cooper (Lady Pearson).*
4. *MISS LIVIA PARAVICINI (right) played in a dress with a "sun-bathing" back. LADY GEORGIANA CURZON wore a white dress with a striped blue top, and had a red chiffon "hankie" tied round her neck.*
5. *The DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER played in a cream-coloured silk dress and a "Helen Wills" eye-shade. She wore her pearls and a diamond brooch.*
6. *MISS DOROTHY ROUND wore full, pleated shorts. On another page we show her at the Tennis Ball dressed as Mlle. Lenglen. Here she is with H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE.*



MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP

WIZARDS.

As everybody knows who keeps abreast of modern thought, things of which we approve are no longer *divine* or *marvellous* or even *super*; they have become *wizard*. Indeed, among some very junior persons of my acquaintance, they have become " simply wizz," whereas it was but yesterday that they were " abslootly super." All of which shows not only that language changes at a pace which is a little difficult for the elderly, but that wizards have come into their own and are now treated with proper respect. It was not always so. You might, in a less enlightened age, have been sent to the stake for producing a rabbit from a hat; and you could not so much as swallow a packet of needles or chew a red-hot poker without imperilling your immortal soul. Nowadays, on the contrary, magic has become so respectable that the wizards have been holding an annual conference and openly communing with the powers of darkness. No less than five hundred of them, members of the International Brotherhood of Magicians, have assembled in England from all over the world, and have debated long and earnestly upon their necromantic arts. And, unlike most people who meet in conclave, they act as well as talk; they are prepared to establish their title to supernatural powers by walking blindfold through the town or by eating razor-blades in public, as one of them has done with great gusto and (up to the time of going to press) with no ill-effects. Unfortunately, many of the deliberations have been *in camera*; it would have been interesting to know what wizards talk about when they meet together, and whether they plant chickens in each other's pocket or transmute each other's watches into guinea-pigs.

THE WIFE: "I've told you a hundred times, John, I don't like this quick-growing wall-fruit!"

DRAWN BY MACBEA.

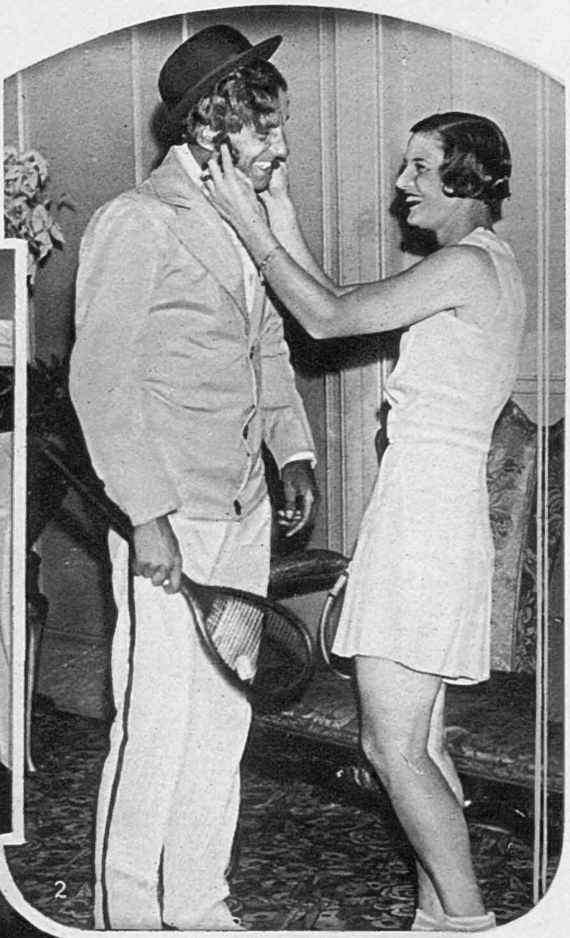
However, perhaps it is as well that we are spared the disillusionment of hearing all the wizards' secrets exposed; let them keep a little of their mystery. For myself, I am lacking in that kind of curiosity which wants to know how the trick is done, just as I am lacking in the desire (a burning passion with many readers of detective novels) to spot the criminal. I like to be completely mystified by the conjurer, and I do not think the detective-novelist knows his job unless he spoofs me about the murderer. I should like to believe that the wizards are in league with occult forces, but unfortunately the wizards themselves are incorrigibly materialistic on this point. The late Harry Houdini was probably the most unexplained and inexplicable of all modern magicians; but (it is stated) he obstinately resisted all the attempts of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to persuade him that, although he might not be aware of it, his marvels were really performed by spooks. That was a very unreasonable view in a man who could dematerialise matter, as Houdini did; but apparently illusionists are disillusioned men, and it is no use trying to persuade magicians how magical they are. No doubt this is due to their professional *amour propre*; they like to think that they can perform their miracles all by themselves, and resent the suggestion that they need imps and sprites to assist them. They may be right, but they have often made me doubt it.

I should like to pay my humble tribute to the International Brotherhood of Magicians, and testify to the great service they have rendered to humanity. An affection for them conceived in childhood has, I am glad to say, always remained with me; and I have sat at the feet of members of the Brotherhood in a good many different countries, seldom with disappointment, except, possibly, in the case of the Indian wizard, whose reputation seems to me a little exaggerated. Perhaps I expected too much of him, but his mango trick did not seem to me as entertaining as (let us say) making two billiard-balls grow where one grew before, or coining innumerable half-crowns out of the air. I am still hoping to see him do the rope trick; in the meantime, I can state positively, and in defiance of all sceptics, that I know a man who knows a chap whose brother-in-law asserts emphatically that he has seen the rope trick. I hope the International Brotherhood includes among its members that entertaining fellow at Port Said whose " Golly golly!" is known to so many Eastbound travellers. He is an interesting survival, for he still lives in the Edwardian era and addresses every attractive feminine spectator as " Mrs. Langtry" or " Madame Melba." He enjoys the distinction of having pulled the heads off more chickens (replacing them accurately and painlessly) than any living man.

The International Brotherhood does not comprise all the exponents of supernatural arts. There are many others — in fact, the modern world is full of wizards. For example, T. H. Cotton is a wizard. To do seventy-two holes in 283 strokes is against all the laws of nature. This statement is not made at random: it is based on repeated personal experiments, which have convinced me that no man can behave like this on a golf-course unless aided by psychic or supramundane powers. Walter Lindrum is a wizard; in my opinion, again based on careful tests, he does not really do what he seems to do with billiard-balls, for that is obviously beyond human power, and the only explanation I can think of is " mass-suggestion "—he hypnotises his audience into believing in the impossible.

Messrs. Perry and Crawford, and Miss Round and Miss Jacobs, and, indeed, most of the people who perform at Wimbledon, are wizards or witches; and any person who can make a hundred in a Test Match is, in my considered judgment, a wizard, set apart from his fellows by the possession of superhuman powers. The world, I repeat, is full of wizards on the earth and in the waters under the earth and in the skies above it. Before long, nobody will be able to survive at all unless he is a wizard at something or other. If the rest of us want to give ourselves a chance, we shall have to rise in revolt and send all the wizards to the stake.

FASHION RALLY BY FAMOUS PLAYERS AT THE TENNIS BALL.



1. *The TENNIS BALL at Grosvenor House, organised for charity by Lady Wavertree, was enlivened by a Parade of Lawn Tennis fashions of the past by famous players of to-day. MISS BETTY NUTHALL represented 1933; MISS F. OWEN and MISS PAMELA KINGSMILL, 1874; and MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN, 1880. They are lined up (l. to r.) waiting for their cue.*
2. *MR. FRED PERRY, the new Champion, is here having his whiskers adjusted by MRS. FEARNLEY-WHITTINGSTALL. Take a look at his period racquet!*
3. *MISS BETTY NUTHALL is charmed by the little posy which MISS MARY HEELEY wears as Miss Lotty Dod, the fifteen-year-old Wimbledon Champion of 1887.*
4. *LADY WAVERTREE is here seen welcoming PRINCESS CATHERINE-IVANOVNA OF RUSSIA and her brother, PRINCE VSEVOLOD-IVANOVITCH OF RUSSIA. They are the children of the late Prince John Constantinovitch, who was assassinated in 1918.*
5. *PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, the COUNTESS OF BIRKENHEAD, and the KING OF GREECE are seated at supper. His Majesty doesn't want to be photographed!*

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hambro and the Hon. David and Mrs. Tennant gave a combined party at The Hyde, Harpenden. The guests included MR. FREDDY CHILDS and MISS DAPHNE KINGSMILL.

(Above) MRS. J. SEELY, sister of Mrs. Dudley Ward, wore a patterned dress with a high neck in front. She is talking to the MARQUESS OF DONEGALL.

LADY VERONICA HORNBY. She is a sister of Lord Dufferin, and is the wife of Mr. Antony Hornby.

THE TENNANT AND HAMBRO PARTY.

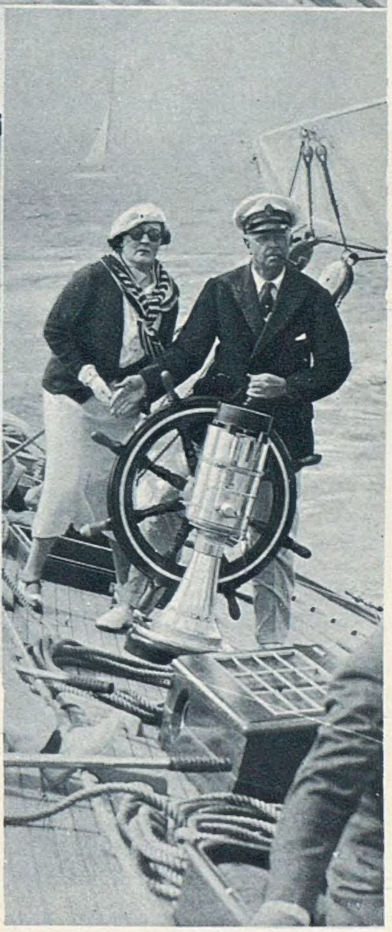
The joint - hostess, the HON. MRS. DAVID TENNANT (Miss Hermione Baddeley) entertained the guests with a programme which included a wonderful "Mae West" turn.

MRS. JACK HAMBRO, who shared with the Hon. Mrs. David Tennant the duties of hostess, is here seen at supper with LORD GLENCONNER.

SIR DUNCAN ORR-LEWIS, Bt., LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX, MRS. DE WINTON WILLS, and MR. DE WINTON WILLS are shown (from left to right) in this group.

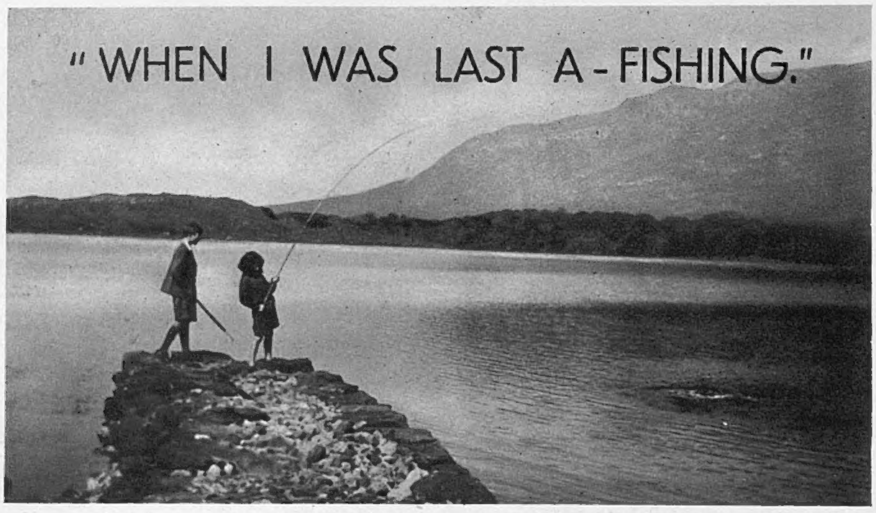
PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWAEBE.

"ENDEAVOUR," THE SOPWITHS, AND THE STOP-WATCH.



MR. T. O. M. SOPWITH'S cutter "ENDEAVOUR," challenger for the "America's" Cup, is due to sail on July 19 or 21 for the U.S.A. She completed her racing season in British waters last week, and arrived at Gosport (to be prepared for her voyage across the Atlantic) with fifteen prize flags: twelve firsts and three seconds. MR. and MRS. SOPWITH are seen aboard her in the photographs on this page. In two of them Mrs. Sopwith may be seen holding the stop-watch with which she times her husband's cutter across the line at the start of races. One snapshot shows Mrs. Sopwith with THOMAS EDWARD SOPWITH, the son and heir, who is aged nineteen months. He is already keen about the sea.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE STARTING YOUNG! Our attractive photograph to prove this point shows the niece and grandson of Mr. W. N. Milne, Clerk and Inspector of the Connemara Board of Conservators, fishing on Derryclare, a famous sea-trout water in Connemara, leased by Sir William Arbuthnot Lane.

IN about a month's time the tunny-fishing season is due to start. There are indications that tunny may be as plentiful as they were last year. Their range appears to be restricted by the degree of salinity of the water, and I hear that ocean currents have penetrated the North Sea further this year than is usually the case. Mr. Fred Taylor expressed a fervent hope to me that the tunny will come nearer to the coast this season and give those anglers who are not yacht-owners a chance to fish. Unless this occurs, enthusiasm for the new sport is likely to wane. By the way, Mr. Taylor's book on tunny-fishing for the novice will be out by the time this note appears, or shortly after.

The B.T.C.'s Certificates.

Although the British Tunny Club have revised the conditions under which certificates will be awarded to members, they have failed to improve them, in my opinion. I have discussed the conditions with several members of the Committee and, as far as I can make out, the main object of these new conditions appears to be to encourage the use of light lines.

Before giving my reason for criticising the value of the new certificates, I will state that the Club is making a determined effort to put the new sport on a satisfactory footing.

The new certificates are to be awarded according to strength of line used, regardless of the weight of the fish, providing it is over the minimum of 100 lb. There are three classes: Class 1, Blue Seal Certificate, line of 100 lb. breaking-strain; Class 2, Orange Seal Certificate, line of 130 lb. breaking-strain; Class 3, Grey Seal Certificate, line of 160 lb. breaking-strain. To me it seems ridiculous that the capture of a fish of just over 100 lb. on line of 100 lb. breaking-strain should be considered of greater merit than the capture of a world's record fish of 900 lb. or over on a line of 160 lb. breaking-strain.

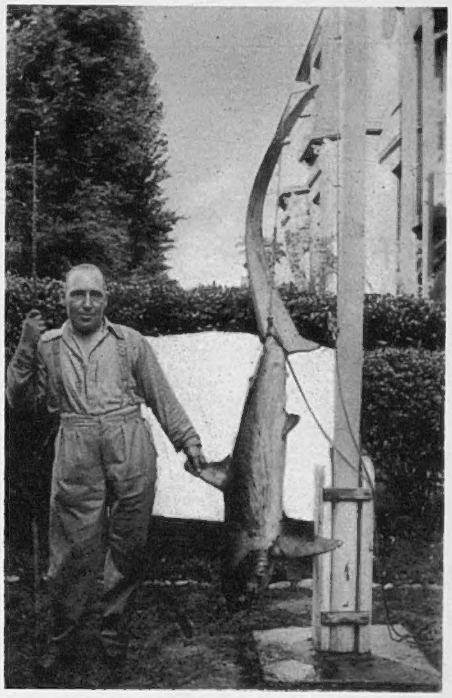
So far, no one has landed a North Sea tunny on the Class 1 line. Colonel Peel, President of the B.T.C., told me a few days ago that he considered the 54-thread line strong enough to land any tunny, even fish of 1000 lb. and over. I asked him how it was so many fish had broken lines of this strength, and he replied that it was bad fishing. If this is so there is no reason to use heavier lines, but I think it should be proved before placing a premium on lighter lines. One argument against the use of light lines is that numbers of fish break away and are doomed to die owing to the hook and twenty feet of steel trace. Colonel Peel disagrees with this view, and he told me that a tunny netted in the north of Scotland had a large hook and a long piece of heavy wire attached. The fish was in good condition and had evidently been hooked and had broken away off the Norwegian coast.

Pony's Queer Taste.

Near East Molesey there is a Shetland pony which delights in eating fish when the occasion permits. This remarkable fact was discovered by a Molesey resident, Mr. J. E. Gibbens, in this manner. He was fishing for roach in the River Ember early one morning, and when he landed his first fish he removed it from the hook and tossed it over the hedge into an adjoining field. This was his usual method of disposing of his fish until he collected them later. On this occasion, however, Mr. Gibbens noticed a Shetland pony come trotting across the field, and, to his amazement, the pony seized the fish and proceeded to eat it with obvious relish. Mr. Gibbens has decided to put his fish in a safer place in future.

Two Fine Trout on Dry Fly.

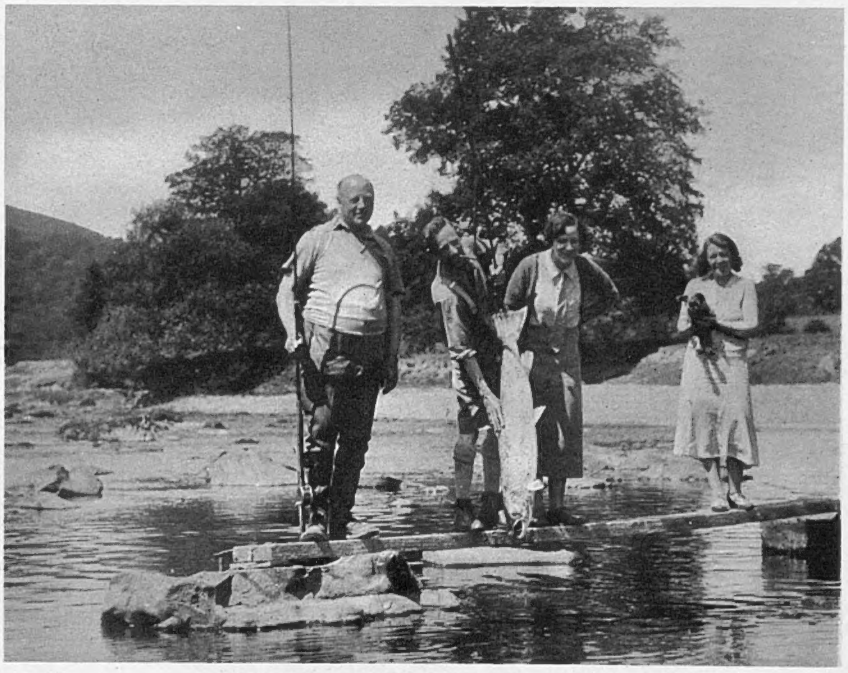
While the May fly was up in Ireland, two big Boyne trout succumbed to a Hardy's spent gnat cast by Mr. Donald S. Pringle, of Dublin. This occurred on May 29 in the River Boyne, some miles below Navan, Co. Meath. The first fish to take the dry fly was a beautifully-shaped trout of 4½ lb. Shortly after, at dusk, Mr. Pringle saw a fish rising. He cast over it with the same fly and hooked it at the second cast. For half an hour this trout gave Mr. Pringle an anxious time in a weedy stretch of the river, but eventually his father safely netted it for him—no easy task in the dark. The trout weighed 8 lb., and is believed to be a record for the Boyne.



A THRESHER SHARK IS A MOST UNUSUAL CATCH FOR HOME WATERS. The specimen in our snapshot was caught by Mr. Fogarty, near the Church Rocks, Southsea, after 2½ hours' fight. The shark, which is a small one for this species, is to be mounted for the headquarters of the Southsea Sea Angling Club. Very few thresher sharks have been caught off our coasts. The largest—280 lb.—was taken by Mr. H. A. Kelly on June 23, 1933. Comparing the size of Mr. Fogarty's thresher with that of Mr. Kelly's, the weight was probably about 100 lb.

Not Lost But Gone Before.

Two weeks ago I recorded the story of an Edinburgh angler who recovered two lost flies on hooking a trout for the third time. I did not expect to be able to improve on this story, but the following runs it very close. The editor of a north-country evening paper informs me that he was bait-fishing in the River Eden at Armathwaite on June 28 and within an hour lost three fish. Although he knew his gut was not above suspicion, being short of casts he chanced it until the third break. As the last fish took most of the old cast, a new one was mounted. Within another hour the three lost trout and hooks were all recovered. These incidents suggest that a few hooks more or less in a trout's jaw do not interfere with his appetite.



The NOBLE 30-LB. SALMON which is the centre of interest in this group was caught by Mr. A. F. Palmer-Phillips (left) on the River Wye at Tynewydd, Erwood, Brecs. The photograph shows (l. to r.) Mr. A. F. Palmer-Phillips, Mr. F. Mosley, Mrs. A. F. Palmer-Phillips, and Mrs. Mosley.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

With a total of 4200 trout recorded already this season on Lake Vyrnwy, there is no doubt that a new record will be set up this year. The previous best total since the lake opened in 1891 was 4500 trout.

Twenty-one tench, weighing 70 lb., were caught in Tring Reservoir on July 6 by Mr. Tracey and Mr. Moriarty. All the fish were returned to the water except the two heaviest—4¾ lb. and 4 lb. 7½ oz.—which are being preserved.

R. L. MARSTON.

SALMON - FISHING BOTH SIDES OF THE BORDER.

The MARCHIONESS OF TWEEDDALE playing a 19-lb. salmon on the Wark.

GENERAL CHARLES TROTTER, Extra Equerry to the Prince of Wales, fishing the Tweed.

SIR HAROLD BOWDEN, BT., fishing the Tweed from Ednam House Water.

MRS. V. I. HAMILTON, sister of Lady Edward Hay, posed with her catch from the Tweed.

LADY DAPHNE HAY, third daughter of the Marquess of Tweeddale, fishing the Tweed.

LORD DUNGLASS, M.P., son of the Earl of Home, fishing the Tweed near Coldstream.

The MARCHIONESS OF TWEEDDALE with a fine salmon she caught on the Wark, Northumberland.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR OWEN.

LONDON ASIDES.

By

PAMELA MURRAY.

MR. THOMAS HOWARD COWLEY, second son of Mr. John Cowley, the Chairman of the "Daily Mirror" and of the "Sunday Pictorial," married MISS MARY ALLINGHAM, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allingham, at St. Peter's, Lilley, Luton.

The HON. LAVINIA STRUTT, daughter of Lord Belper and of the Countess of Rosebery, took part in the exhibition lawn tennis at Lady Crosfield's Highgate home. She is with LORD JOHN HOPE, son of the Marquess of Linlithgow.

MR. F. J. PERRY, the new Champion, escorted MISS MARY LAWSON, a pretty young stage and screen actress, to Lady Crosfield's exhibition lawn tennis party.

AT Eton and Harrow, which marks the official finish of the strawberry season—markets never recover from this two-day orgy—Lady Muriel Worthington invited many guests to her tent, and Princess Nicolas Galitzine many to her cottage in Elm Tree Road. The numerous Cavendishes were again among coach folk. We journeyed hundreds of miles up the Great North Road looking for a less hackneyed subject with which to divert indulgent readers.

As July advances, cocktail-parties, instead of declining numerically, assume feverish shapes and sizes, disguised as garden-parties, roof-garden parties, and even on-the-tiles parties. Lady Hamond-Graeme's was so crowded that we found the hostess with difficulty, while Sir "Shaver" was invisible, hemmed in by chattering ladies who asked each other "Where are you going this year?" without listening to the answers.

A garden off Regent's Park was the scene of Mrs. McGowan's London-Scottish gathering, and a St. John's Wood garden the background for Mrs. George Harvey's mixed grill of London Russians and Stock Exchange Londoners. These included her husband and the genial Cuthbert Stewart. Sonia Converse and her mother left early to dine together. Three elegant Czecho-Slovakians, a sprinkling of monocled attachés from the minor legations, and an amateur golfer admired the hostess's house taste which has installed wrought-iron gates between rooms. The absence of doors to slam after marital rows wouldn't suit some couples. Russian was freely spoken, but there were no *moujiks*, *samovara*, *ballerinas*, or *troikas*. A little disappointed, we went away murmuring *Tovaritch* to the taxi driver, who said "To Victoria, Miss?"

Though their politics are a truthful shade of blue, Virginia Barnato, Aurea Stewart-Johnston, and the much-written-up Peta Davies gave a pink party to over fifty friends in the latter's Cadogan Place garden. On the hottest day of the year, the three hostesses, each pretty in her own way, attired in pink, put guests at little tables with pink cloths, where they consumed smoked salmon, unsmoked salmon, lobster, strawberry ices, and pink lemonade. We wonder if some anxious clubman will write to the Press asking "What is Britain's Young Womanhood Coming To?" Or "Is anarchy gaining ground in the middle classes?" Meantime a noted hostess plans a black luncheon, with Sir Oswald Mosley on her right. The fare will consist of caviare, truffles, black bread (flown from the Black Forest and stamped with a Swastika), and black game, which we warn those lucky enough to be invited is very tough indeed unless in pie form, labelled "pigeon." A good tuck-in at the truffles is advised, and black tulips should be worn in the tiara or button-hole.

ART.—Charles Buchel, who painted Lady (Noel) Curtis-Bennett handsomely last year, is a Member of the British Empire Society of Arts, which presented its sixth annual show of pictures and sculpture on Saturday. The programme 's varied. A strongly individual exhibition of sculpture at Tooth's is entirely due to Mr. Tony Grinling, descendant of the immortal Grinling Gibbons. His work, which excites argument,

is live and graceful. A wine merchant and frequenter of the Embassy's dance-floor, Mr. Grinling only sculpts in his spare time. We hope he will spare a lot of time in future, as the results have rare excellence.

FASHION.—Lady Moira Combe with a head full of curls piled high and thick, in a dark-blue tulle dress on a shiny foundation. Her partner, Jack Mitford, has always known how to make the woman with whom he happens to be dancing seem the most beautiful on the floor. In this case he had no difficulty in persuading the audience.

Lady Scone wearing many ropes of small but perfectly matched pearls with a pale-pink version of the model with the feather cape which has swept England. The pink in her cheeks was real.

Lady Jean Bertie in an Empire robe of glistening white satin with

Left: The Valkyrie Ladies Polo team, which defeated the Oddments, consists of MISS M. WRIGHT, the HON. MRS. ANTHONY MURRAY, LADY PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY, and the HON. MRS. GURDON (l. to r.). Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Gurdon are sisters of Viscount Cowdray. Lady Priscilla Willoughby is a daughter of the Earl of Ancaster.

The LADIES' POLO Match at Hurlingham between the Oddments team and the Valkyrie roused a good deal of interest. The Oddments, who were defeated, are MRS. MERCKEL, the HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL, MISS JUDY FORWOOD, and MISS D'ARCY DEFRIES (l. to r.).

clear pale-blue satin sashes, twisted high above the waist. We're glad to see white satin back—always the most seductive evening material. In her dark hair was a gold lacquered plait.

Mrs. Eddie Gage (the baby-faced Thalia Millet) wearing an indescribable (why try, then?) pink and white flowered muslin with pink circular frills surging round the skirt and right up one side to the neck-line. She and husband go to Brioni and Biarritz later.

Mrs. Anthony Crossley, a beauty who, strangely enough, has not been sufficiently acclaimed, perhaps because she's prodigiously intelligent and the fashions deny that clever women can be beautiful, dressed in much grey tulle, another material which returns to soften our austerity.

NAUTICAL NOTES. We're at Torquay for Torbay Royal Regatta. The evening sun is shining with almost Riviera strength, and the view from this yacht, anchored in the harbour, includes palm trees, to remind us we're visiting the English Riviera for the first time. On a steep hill overhanging the town's clean face there are white villas looking out to sea in leafy frames. Something foreign strikes all the more pleasantly because the view is fundamentally homely, having a tidiness and lack of odour essentially trim. More than two hundred townspeople are on the quay staring at *Astra* and *Candida*, as pretty a pair of big cutters as exist. The former is painted jade-green picked out with gold; the latter has an all-white purity and a steel mast, while *Astra's* mast is wood. Most of the crews have gone ashore for relaxation after racing, but some are leaning about exchanging monosyllables, oblivious of the crowds above, but instantly aware of any movement among the lesser yachts and the motor-launches. These snort about, bringing notes asking one party to cocktail with another. The scene is never static, never dull, but it has none of that rapid movement the majority find indispensable. Incident without drama. Charming camera-shots without quick-fire dialogue.

On *Astra* the gramophone plays one old favourite after another. The owner, Mrs. Paul, has changed into a cool cotton and is doing *gros point* in a womanly way, after pulling strings and finishing second to the Cup Challenger—very creditable. She's friendly, good-natured, and ready to enjoy life with gusto. Pointing to the crowd, she shouts to her neighbours—"I think they've come for the concert—I'm enjoying it myself." The townees titter and remain. So do the seagulls, fat harbour gulls gorged with pickings.

On *Vita*, their super steam-yacht, the Sopwiths are watching their nineteen-month-old heir have his final toddle round the deck before Nannie announces bedtime. A few hours ago *Endeavour* pleased them mightily by finishing far in front. Rumour credits her with amazing gadgets. In fact, she's a great credit to the Sopwith-Nicholson brain trust. We must wish them luck on the Other Side. They need it, because there's many a slip between Torbay and the *America's* Cup.

Resting on *Candida's* sealing-wax-red cushions are Mrs. Andreæ and Mr. Pat Eagan, who sailed his seven-ton boat all night in order to arrive for the race, in which he gave *Candida* additional man-power. He was rewarded by a turn at the helm. Somewhere between Poole and Torquay Mr. Eagan bathed with Gertie Lawrence and Douglas Fairbanks, jnr. "Gee" got a taste for sailing and speed-boating with the

MRS. H. A. ANDREÆ looked workmanlike on board "Candida" at the Torbay Royal Regatta, in a white jersey and dark-blue skirt.

The Knaves won the Coronation Cup at Ranelagh for England by defeating Aurora, the U.S.A. team, by six goals to three in the final. MAJOR HARRISON, who plays back, is here seen giving MR. SEYMOUR H. KNOX, of the Aurora team, a drink from the outsize trophy itself!

Ward twins and their brother last year. This season Lord Dudley's taking *Anne-Marie* and party to the Mediterranean, anchoring at Cannes and Monte Carlo.

BUCK'S CLUB IN TEE AND WATER MOOD:

BUCK'S CLUB GOLF TOURNAMENT *was held at Le Touquet. The* EARL OF PORTARLINGTON *and* VISCOUNTESS GAGE *are at the piscine. Mr. J. B. Ryan beat last year's winner, Mr. A. C. Wilson.*

LORD HADDINGTON, MR. GILMOUR, LADY ALLENDALE, the HON. DENZIL FORTESCUE, the HON. CHARLES BAILLIE-HAMILTON, MRS. LEX WILSON, SIR HUGH SEELY, Bt.

The HON. MRS. REGGIE WINN, LADY MARY HERBERT, COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER, and LADY STAVORDALE (l. to r.).

MME. LEMOINE *(left) is talking to* MRS. "IAN HAY" BEITH *at the piscine.*

MRS. CORCORAN *and* MR. RHODES *are going out to play.*

VISCOUNT GOUGH, MR. CHARLES SON, MR. GEOFFREY GRINDLING, MR. MARTIN

GOLF TOURNAMENT AND PISCINE GROUPS FROM LE TOUQUET.

These bathers are the EARL OF PORTARLINGTON, MAJOR CARLOS CLARKE, *the* COMTESSE DE PRET ROOSE, *and* MR. "JIMMY" RUTLAND.

MISS S. WILLIAMS-BULKELEY *and* MISS M. ROBERTSON *are keeping cool after a dip.*

The COUNTESS OF WHARNCLIFFE *and* MISS OLIVE THOMPSON.

FLETCHER, MRS. MARTIN THOMP-
MRS. GEOFFREY GRINDLING, *and*
THOMPSON

LADY GRIMTHORPE *and* MR. GERARD LEIGH *were snapped by the first tee.*

BRIG.-GENERAL CRITCHLEY, M.P., *and* MRS. CRITCHLEY *both wore flannel trousers for golf.*

I TAKE OFF MY HAT TO MY CONQUEROR!

BY HELEN JACOBS.

OF course, I was anxious that I might be able to take the Women's Singles title to America with me. I felt a patriotic as well as a personal urge, but, since it was not to be, I can think of no one to whom it was more agreeable to lose than Dorothy Round. I imagine the victory meant as much to her as it would have meant to me, and that covers a volume of delight, and I am certain it must have added to her pleasure to have defeated me when I was playing well and when she had reached an unprecedented peak of form.

MISS DOROTHY ROUND AT THE EARLY AGE OF FIFTEEN was already a promising player. She won the Worcestershire Junior Championship; and in 1928 she won the singles at Warwick. She was born on July 13, 1909.

I must say that, having played against Dorothy many times, and having studied her game as well as I was able, I did not believe that she could maintain the brilliance of her play throughout three sets. That is not an under-estimation of her game, for it is seldom that any player is able to do so. I have the greatest respect for Dorothy's driving ability, and I am convinced that, if any one stroke defeated me on Saturday, it was her sliding drive on the exceptionally fast courts to my backhand. Relying upon my backhand reply as much as I did, I found myself constantly forced out of court and unable to have sufficient time for the production of my stroke.

There are days when one is able to make unusually fine returns of what might otherwise be passing shots. Dorothy definitely had one of these days on Saturday. She has always had a very elastic reach, and this, added to her extreme effort to get at my drives, enabled her to drop the ball back over the net far out of my reach.

Had I tired during our long rallies, I would feel that perhaps the weakening of my shots had something to do with my defeat. But, contrary to this, I was in excellent condition, did not feel the strain of the match, and thought, even up to the end of the match, that somehow or other I might be able to pull it out of the fire.

There is a relentlessness about Dorothy's attack that must be met by occasional defensive play. This frequently misleads the spectators into believing that her opponent is tiring. I always feel that the most definite indication of a tiring opponent is a weakened service, and my service, while not as strong or as reliable throughout the match as usual, maintained the same degree of force. In addition to this, I might explain that Dorothy's return of my service was so regular and so well placed that I could seldom count on an outright winner with it.

There is no player in the game to-day who has a more æsthetically pleasing backhand than Dorothy Round. It is a fluent, accurate stroke, keeping the ball deep and imparting to it just enough spin and angle to make it a consistently aggressive shot even when Dorothy is playing it from a defensive position. This shot, it was probably observed, was the most devastating in her entire game on Saturday. She has always played well at the net, angling off her volleys and overheads with particular deftness, but there is a more effective answer to this phase of her game than to the steadiness of her backhand.

I have seen Dorothy play on days when that aggressive forehand drive of hers was going several feet out of court or missing the lines by inches, even though she had sufficient time to make the shot. On Saturday, the errors she made on the forehand side were negligible, and the outright winners, coming at crucial points, counted very heavily for her.

As a rule, in very close and important matches, there are breaks of luck that stand out in one's mind, and one cannot help assuring oneself that, if such and such a net-cord shot or wrongly given decision had not occurred, the result might have been different. Several people have mentioned "bad luck" to me in regard to the Wimbledon final. I can hardly call it that, nor can I find grounds to believe that luck had anything to do with the outcome. It is impossible to see every shot exactly as it is, and the general fairness of the decisions in a match of such importance to the English people expresses in an undeniable manner the sporting instincts of the English tennis officials.

Our smiling snapshot of MISS DOROTHY ROUND (left) and MISS HELEN JACOBS on the Centre Court at Wimbledon indicates the charming character of the two finalists. In this article, Miss Jacobs frankly discusses her conqueror's game, and honestly states that, in her opinion, the best player won at Wimbledon this year. Miss Round made her first "impression" at Wimbledon in 1931, when she defeated Señorita de Alvarez and reached the fifth round in the Ladies' Singles. She was ranked No. 2 among the seeded women players at Wimbledon this year. Her past achievements include reaching the final in the U.S.A. Doubles Championship in 1931.

I think I can appreciate the feeling of the gallery at Dorothy's victory. It is nice to be responsible, in a way, for so much pleasure. I am sure that if the scene had been reversed, if I had won the American Championship against a foreign opponent and brought back the title to our country for the first time in eight years, the demonstration would have been just as intense and the pleasure just as great. So, finally, I can only add my congratulations again to the many hundreds Dorothy must have already received, and say that there is very little regret in defeat against a superb adversary.

WEDDINGS AND A WEDDING RECEPTION THAT WENT SWIMMINGLY.

LADY ALETHEA BUXTON, youngest daughter of Earl Buxton, and MR. PETER ELIOT, only son of the Hon. Edward Eliot, were married at St. John's, Newtimber, Sussex.

MR. GUY CARLETON, only son of Brig.-General Carleton, and MISS WINIFRED PAGET, elder daughter of Major J. B. Paget, were married at Brompton Oratory. The reception was held at Ibstock Place, Roehampton.

Guests at the Carleton-Paget wedding reception bathed in the Ibstock Place swimming-pool. These are the MISSES AMBROSINE PHILPOTTS, AGATHA CARROLL, and BILLY ROYDS.

MISS ANN PAGET, sister of Mrs. Guy Carleton (formerly Miss Winifred Paget) was a bridesmaid to her sister. She swam in the Ibstock Place pool at the reception.

LORD BRIDPORT married MISS PAMELA BAKER, only daughter of Mr. Charles J. Baker. MICHAEL BAKER, JAMES HAY, and NIGEL TUNNICLIFF were pages.

MR. JOHN GOLDMAN, eldest son of Major C. S. and the Hon. Mrs. Goldman, married the HON. MARGARET THESIGER, youngest daughter of the late Lord Chelmsford, at St. John's, Smith Square.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

If you turn to another page in this issue you will be able to look at the forecast of lawn tennis fashions for 1940, and very attractive they are. Even though I attended the Tennis Ball and saw the pageant of longs and shorts for the courts, I can't tell you what they 'll wear at Wimbledon in 1950. At the pageant we *thought* we were going to have a peep sixteen years on—but when it came to that item only a messenger-boy paraded, bearing a placard: "1950—Censored." So that was that!

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The old-world tennis fashions "went over big"—especially Brugnon in a reddish wig and ginger whiskers; and Suzanne Lenglen, who threw herself into the spirit of the pageant and was most entertaining as a girl of the 'eighties.

Some of the débutantes struck me as looking a little tired. I 'm only surprised that they haven't all got a fagged-out look! Miss Cherry Pinckard was one of the outstanding exceptions. She looked as fresh as if it were the first ball of the season; and had a nice satin dress sewn all over with pearls.

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN are here seen walking up the stone steps before leaving the school at Prestonfield, Edinburgh, which they visited during their round of inspection of the Prestonfield Housing Estate.

The most covetable jewels of the evening were Lady Dalrymple Champneys' new rubies. Sir Weldon inherited them from an old aunt, and has just had them re-cut and re-set for his wife. Though undoubtedly the most energetic of all the Committee enthusiasts of London, she admitted that nineteen letters in one day asking her to be Chairman of different ventures was rather much on a hot day. She *may* refuse some.

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LADY TRENCHARD, wife of the London Police Chief, presented the cup for Individual Jumping to the winner, SERGEANT KING, at the Mounted Police Sports, Imber Court.

People who went to Lady Crosfield's Exhibition Lawn Tennis Party unaware that first-class players abound among the "gossip paragraph" people must have got a surprise. The Duchess of Westminster, who took part in the American tournament on the hard courts, plays a strong game and has a notably good backhand drive; and Mrs. Winston Churchill, who has three grown-up children, including one married daughter, is by no means negligible in a good set.

Lady Pearson (Gladys Cooper) was "billed" to play, but scratched, as she said she was out of practice; and occupied herself talking to friends and looking after her daughter, the enchanting Sally, who has great fascination, and sold programmes successfully.

Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught were, as usual, interested in the exhibition matches. The new style of dress occupied their attention too, and Princess Alice finally came to the conclusion that, from the æsthetic point of view, the shorts lose. Mrs. Austin looked very fetching in hers, though, and Lady Catherine Willoughby's pink pair were exceptionally well cut.

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Lady Crosfield's parties are always done well, and the muscat (grape-water) ices were voted a marvellous cooler. The house was thrown open, as well as the gardens and loggia, and some of the guests went in to see the fine pictures which Sir Arthur Crosfield owns.

MRS. HORE-RUTHVEN gave a dance for her daughter, MISS BABA HORE-RUTHVEN, at 41, Grosvenor Square.

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Every year, I 'm told, Mrs. Corrigan looks at dozens of suggestions for the table decorations at her annual party, and every year she returns to her classic fancy for umbrellas made of real red roses. She is perfectly right. They could not possibly be improved upon.

MR. J. D. HOUISON CRAUFURD offered to his Majesty the service of "Servitium Lavacri" previous to the afternoon drawing-room at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. The group shows MR. A. HOUISON CRAUFURD, MR. J. D. HOUISON CRAUFURD of Craufurdland, and MR. REGINALD FAIRLIE. They are descendants of Jock Houison, who defended James II. on Cramond Brig. As a reward, he was granted the lands of Braehead on condition that he and his successors should attend with ewer and basin to wash the King's hands whenever he should chance to cross the bridge.

She is conservative in other respects—and with equal reason. There is always a tombola, and the prizes never vary—links for the men and vanity-cases for the women. The guests are also invariably representative of the best-known and most popular young-married set. You don't need to be told that the Nunburnholmes, the Gages, the Weymouths, the Brownlows, Lady Honor and Mr. "Chips" Channon, and all the other chic couples were present, and that the girls included the Ladies Margaret and Helen Stewart. A hundred and thirty people sat down, and all the food was cooked by Mrs. Corrigan's own cook! Who dares to say that the art of good housekeeping is not understood in Mayfair?

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The food at Sir Robert Hadfield's cocktail-party all came from his own kitchens too, though he had to give the party without Lady Hadfield to help him, as she is away in Tahiti. However, he managed very well in his grass widowerhood, and all the foods and the new cocktail of gin and passion-fruit juice and other drinks were excellent. A Tzigane band played their national music, and it was all very gay, though the party was more for grown-ups than for débutantes. Elinor Glyn, looking immensely decorative; Mrs. Alec Tweedie, talking amusingly to a posse of friends—she was surrounded all the time; and Lady Jane Combe and Lady Mary Crichton were

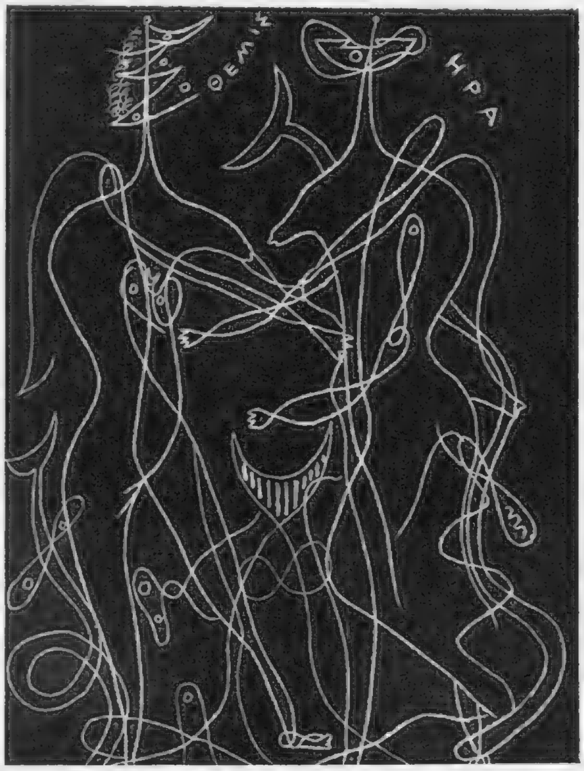
The marriage of MISS DORIS E. ALICE TYLER, of the West African Nursing Service, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Tyler, of Letchworth, Herts, to MR. HORACE REGINALD HUMMEL, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. J. J. Hummel, took place at All Saints, Willian, Herts. The bridegroom is in the service of the Nigerian Government (Survey Department), Lagos. The bridesmaids were the Misses J. and P. Tyler, sisters of the bride; the Misses E. and M. Hummel, sisters of the bridegroom; and Miss Sheila Roberts, cousin of the bride. Mr. G. H. Hummel acted as best man.

a few I saw. Lady Enniskillen and Lady Frances Cole followed the hatless fashion. The former was a picture of elegance in a black frock with an upstanding frill of white organdie.

. . . . .

A fork lunch is ideal on a hot day, provided that it happens in a spacious, airy mansion, and that the hostess has the gift for getting guests all settled and happy. Mrs. Arnold Henderson lives in Lowndes House and is blessed with 100 per cent. charm, so hers touched the peak of success. It was largely for her son and charming daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Henderson, who were married in Australia and return there in the autumn.

Mrs. Henderson's black dress was good for her blonde colouring; and her golden-haired Daphne's jade green was equally well chosen. Mrs. Roger Henderson, who wore pale blue, is fair, too, while Mrs. David Forbes, formerly Miss Diana Henderson, completed the golden-haired quartette. She brought the most entrancing guest, her two-year-old daughter, who is a beautiful brunette with huge black eyes, assured manners and artistic sense! She called the attention of the guests to the John Crealock portrait of her father, Mr. David Forbes, in uniform, which was hanging temporarily in the library. It has just been painted and is an excellent likeness. Crealock, who is well known as a painter of legal lights, has done portraits of Lord Merrivale, Mr. Justice Langton, the Master of the Rolls, Lord Hanworth, and other judges. He is the Hon. Sec. of the London Portrait Society.



"THÉMIS ET HÉRA" is the title of this remarkable and perhaps rather "difficult" engraved plaster work by BRAQUE, the distinguished French cubist artist whose creations are on view at the Lefèvre Gallery, and is rousing much discussion.

. . . . .

The ballets at Covent Garden continue to attract the most amusingly contrasted people. The smart are interspersed with enthusiasts in sand-shoes and soft collars, but I'm kind-hearted, and shall only mention the brilliant and *soignée*.

Lady Oxford was there to see "Union Pacific" the other night, in a successful blue-green dress with huge circle ear-rings that quivered and swung as she talked (in the interval, *of course*). Mrs. "Bunny" Austin, who came with her husband, had pink ostrich fronds all a-blowing round her shoulders, though it was a warmish night. Lady Wimborne's unusual smoke-grey dress was very distinguished, and Lady Patricia Latham and Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell both had white dresses of a band-box freshness. Lady Pearson (Gladys Cooper) wore a blue chiffon cape over a patterned blue dress; and Mrs. Kate Mary Bruce was telling friends that she is making her novel, "Snow Storm," into a play. She had a taffeta dress of immense volume and corresponding chic, and was with Miss Mary Ellis.

Anne Thursfield was talking to Diana Gould, and we were all delighted by Nabokoff's joke about his music for "Union Pacific" being "based on folk-songs of the period 1860." These include "Pop Goes the Weasel" and "Yankee Doodle."

. . . . .

The idea that the hostess with a large mansion just issues orders to florists and caterers when she's about to give a party is a delusion. Mrs. Richard Bethell supervised the arrangements at Ham House on the afternoon before her ball there, and Mrs. Ingham Whitaker and her daughters spent the whole afternoon and part of the morning of their dance arranging, with their own hands, the flowers which had been sent up from Pylewell Park to "do" the house in Upper Brook Street for the ball.

The tiger-lilies in fan-shaped bouquets in the ball-room and in bowls at the top of the stairs were good. On the supper tables stood mauve and pink carnations, and the upstairs buffet was decorated with crimson rambler roses.

Twenty-six guests sat down at the dinner before the dance, including Lord Avebury, Sir Edward Goschen, Mr. Peter Crichton-Stuart, Mr. Alec Hood, and Mr. Denzil Baring, who are all popular young men.

. . . . .

The theme-song of the week was the good old line, "Our police *are* wonderful!" Guests at Colonel and Mrs. Laurie's dance for their débutante daughter said it when the Police Minstrel cabaret "brought down the house" at midnight with song and dance turns of every kind; and gave a *reprise* when they went to the Imber Court Horse Show for the Police Jumping, Musical Chairs, and other equestrian efforts.

The programme for the Musical Ride by the young horses bought in 1933 and 1934 read like a ballet turn, as the figures included "The Half Passage," "The Avenue," The Stately Quadrille," "The Catherine Wheel," "The Star and the Maze." Colonel Laurie's system of training fits the well-bred youngsters he buys in Yorkshire (most of them straight off the grass) for police duties; and teaches them the requisite perfect manners in the shortest possible time.

Sir Aylmer and Lady Hunter-Weston were among those I saw at the show; and Mrs. Laurie, in dark blue and white, was entertaining a party which included a good selection of her relatives, the Lawson-Johnstons.

MARIEGOLD.

The engagement of MR. W. J. ANSTRUTHER-GRAY, M.P. for North Lanark, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Anstruther-Gray, of Kilmany, to MISS MONICA HELEN LAMBTON, only child of the late Mr. Geoffrey Lambton and Mrs. Leventhorpe, and grand-daughter of Beatrix Countess of Durham, has been announced.

MUSSELBURGH IN THE HEAT-WAVE.

(Left) Musselburgh Races, the opening event in Edinburgh's Royal Week, were held in the heat-wave. LADY SYLVIA MAITLAND, daughter of Lord Lauderdale, is sitting on a shooting-stick. She wore pink.

On the steps of the Members' Stand (l. to r.): MRS. ALEC BOWHILL, the Midlothian lady golfer; DAME HARRIET FINDLAY, D.B.E., and MRS. "DANDIE" WALLACE.

MRS. JOHN MENZIES and her sister, MISS ERICA GRAHAM, are grand-daughters of the famous gardener and author, Sir Herbert Maxwell.

CAPTAIN and MRS. BRIAN FAIRFAX-LUCY chatting with LADY CASSILIS (r.). Mrs. Fairfax-Lucy was Miss Alice Buchan.

MAJOR SHOLTO DOUGLAS, with LADY (DUNCAN) HAY (l.) and MRS. ARTHUR GALBRAITH.

Nearest the camera is MRS. PETER REID, only sister of Sir Philip Dundas. Beyond her is MISS EVELYN BAIRD, daughter of Lady Hersey Baird.

MRS. "DANDIE" WALLACE wore a navy-blue stitched taffeta béret, the last word from Paris.

THE DUKE WHO CAME BACK: NOEL COWARD.

MR. NOEL COWARD, author of "CONVERSATION PIECE," at His Majesty's, created the part of the Duc de Chaucigny-Varennes. He returned to the cast recently, and is giving £500 of his salary to the Actors Orphanage. He had to relinquish the rôle last week owing to sudden illness. In the play Mélanie thinks that the Duc has gone; but he comes back.

DRAWN BY SHERRIFFS.

Whitbread & Co., Ltd. Gilbert Cousland.

Good Fun, Good Fellowship and Good Fare.

June and Peter Haddon enjoying supper and the cabaret at Ciros.

A HOUSE-PARTY AT BARTON MILLS HALL.

The members of the Barton Mills Hall house-party were (l. to r., standing): MISS URSULA LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH, MISS MARTY HANBURY (débutante daughter of the hostess), LADY PATRICIA MACKAY, MR. NICHOLAS HANBURY (son of the hostess), and MR. WILLIAM WALKER; and (in front) MR. ROBERT NESBITT, MISS MARGOT CRUICKSHANK, MISS PRUNELLA HIGGINS, MRS. NORAH HANBURY (the hostess), who now wishes to be known as MRS. HANBURY-KELK, and her dog, PETER.

LADY PATRICIA MACKAY was one of the guests at a recent house-party given by Mrs. Hanbury-Kelk at Barton Mills Hall, near Newmarket.

(Right) MISS PRUNELLA HIGGINS, known as "Bimbi" to her friends, is the daughter of Mrs. Charles Higgins, whose good looks she has inherited. Her striped cotton dress is a perfect get-up for a lazy afternoon in a shady garden during a heat-wave.

MISS MARGOT CRUICKSHANK, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Ronald Cruickshank, finds the camera a source of amusement.

MISS URSULA LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth, dances and rides perfectly.

GUEST NIGHT AT H. Q.

THE ARTISTS RIFLES.

Fred May was present at a recent guest night of the Artists Rifles (28th London Regiment) and took note of some of the officers. The Artists is one of the most famous of London's distinguished Territorial Regiments, and forms part of the Rifle Brigade. During the Great War the 1st Battalion joined the 63rd Royal Naval Division, with which it served to the end. The Artists also provided the Regular Army with over 10,000 officers. It has South African War honours also. The present O.C. is Lieut.-Colonel H. Willans, D.S.O., M.C., whose previous service was with the Staffordshire Regiment. The first H.Q. of the Corps was at Burlington House; and Lord Leighton, P.R.A., was C.O. in 1869.

The Pageant of Tennis was a feature of the Tennis Ball last week. MISS CAROLIN BABCOCK (U.S.A.) represented a 1934 player; MISS KATHLEEN STAMMERS (G.B.) was one of the 'nineties; MISS DOROTHY ROUND, the new Champion, appeared as Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen when she won her first championship in 1919; and MLLE. LENGLEN was in a costume of the 'eighties (l. to r.).

OUR "TWIN" WIMBLEDON SINGLES CHAMPIONS; AND TENNIS BALL SHOTS OF COURT FASHIONS.

MISS DOROTHY ROUND and MR. F. J. PERRY, the two new Champions, who have put England back on the lawn tennis map by winning the Ladies' Singles and the Men's Singles respectively at Wimbledon, are not related, but they are so like each other in appearance that they might easily be brother and sister. Our full-face and profile photographs of them illustrate this remarkable point. They are both dark-haired, with dark eyes and pointed oval faces. They are tall and slenderly built, and their features are strikingly alike.

MISS DOROTHY ROUND, at the Tennis Ball, wearing the dress and bandeau in which Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen won her first Wimbledon Championship in 1919.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAY WRIGHTSON AND SASHA.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO DANIA, JILL, AND PHYLLIS:

The Pageant of Lawn Tennis Fashions was a most amusing feature of the TENNIS BALL at Grosvenor House last week. The long skirts and high collars of the 'eighties and nineties were worn by well-known players of to-day, as the illustrations on other pages of this issue show, and the parade was brought up to date by the display of FASHIONS OF 1940 by charming girls from the Grosvenor House Gaieties.

[Continued opposite.

FOR SHOWING WIMBLEDON CENTRE-COURT FASHIONS FOR 1940.

PHYLLIS NEAL

DANIA

Continued.]

"Fashions of 1950" were promised as a finale: but all that happened was that a page-boy appeared bearing a placard, "1950—Censored!" The girls shown on these pages are MISS DANIA BARRIGO, the Danish beauty who dances as "Dania": MISS PHYLLIS NEAL, and MISS JILL HARRIS. Dania has been making a big success with the "Carioca" dance.

Lady Kinross organised a first-class amateur cabaret for the National Playing Fields Ball held in Edinburgh on July 11. These members of the chorus at rehearsal are (l. to r.; back row) MISS DIONE JAMIESON, MISS MARY BORTHWICK, and LADY GRIZEL BOYLE; and (in front) the HON. ROSEMARY BALFOUR, daughter of Lord Kinross, MISS PATIENCE HENN-COLLINS, and MISS ANNE MARSHALL.

"Britannia's Bulwarks," a burlesque by Mary Dunn, was given. Africa (MISS PATIENCE HENN-COLLINS), Canada (MISS MARY JAMESON), Britannia (MR. V. C. CLINTON-BADDELEY), India (MISS MARGARET LOW), and Australia (MISS DIANA LANG) (l. to r.).

The HON. URSULA BALFOUR, third daughter of Lord and Lady Kinross, gave the Hon. John Weir's song, "Trixie, the Talk of the Trossachs."

MR. NIGEL CARRUTHERS is here seen with the chorus in one of the numbers. He is the second son of Colonel F. J. Carruthers of Dormont, Lockerbie, whose seven sons are well known for their theatrical talent.

EDINBURGH SOCIETY AMATEURS IN CABARET

ORGANISED BY LADY KINROSS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IAN SMITH

The chorus are here seen in one of their numbers. The two principals, seated in front, are MR. NIGEL CARRUTHERS and the HON. URSULA BALFOUR.

MR. NIGEL CARRUTHERS posed with the chorus in their opening song. The group shows (back row; l. to r.) the MISSES SHEILA OGILVIE, ANNE MARSHALL, KITTY GRAHAM, SHEILA LAWRIE, MARGARET BALFOUR, and MARY IRWIN, MRS. GEORGE MALCOLM, MISS BETTY CRANSTON, LADY GRIZEL BOYLE, and the HON. ROSEMARY BALFOUR, who is engaged to Mr. Alec Mitchell. In front are the MISSES MARY BORTHWICK, SYLVIA DAVIDSON, ANNE MACPHERSON-GRANT, HELEN LOW, PATIENCE HENN-COLLINS, and MARGARET BORTHWICK, MRS. WALTER McCULLOCH, and MISS PRUDENCE CHALMERS.

SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

THE YOUNGEST CHAMPION: 17-YEAR-OLD PAM BARTON.

MISS PAM BARTON (Royal Mid-Surrey), the seventeen-year-old English girl, won the Women's Open Golf Championship of France at Le Touquet by beating Mlle. Denise Lavigne in the thirty-six hole final by 11 and 9. She is the youngest player to win an International Championship. She has played since she was twelve and a half years of age. Last year, in partnership with her sister, Mervyn, she won the Women's Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh; and in May this year she was runner-up in the British Women's Championship.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.

WHEN FRIENDS MEET

"That was a rattling good "double" Smith"
"Yes — and this is going to be a better one!"

DEWAR'S
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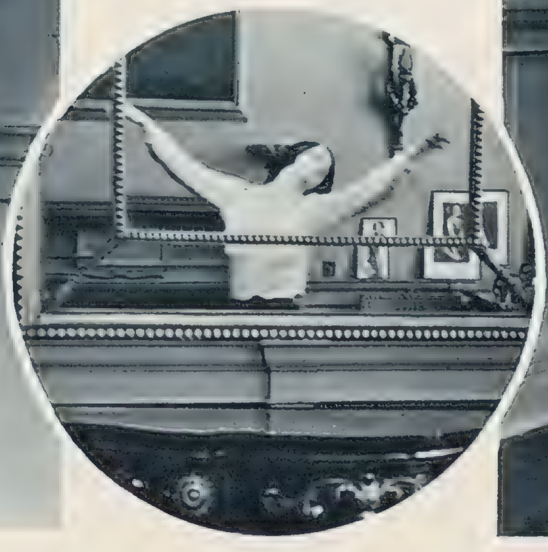
Between 'hands'

No matter how the cards may fall, you can be sure of a 'handful of trumps' on one occasion (if not more) during the evening—provided you give the *correct 'call'*. . .

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

MLLE. KYRA NIJINSKY, the nineteen-year-old daughter of the famous dancer Nijinsky, is herself a ballerina, and has been studying under Legat, the Russian teacher. Our photographs of her in practice dress show how closely she resembles her famous father. She is to appear in Mr. C. B. Cochran's new revue, "Streamline." Mme. Nijinska's Life of her celebrated husband appeared last autumn, and was one of the books which "everyone" read.



NIJINSKY'S DANCING DAUGHTER, KYRA—FOR "STREAMLINE."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. C. BUCKLEY.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF FILM STARS.

By CECIL BEATON.

No. II: CONSTANCE BENNETT.

MISS CONSTANCE BENNETT is uniformly biscuit-coloured: her complexion has taken on the colour of screen make-up, so that her cheeks are an expanse of very old ivory. Her eyebrows are gingerly plucked crescents, and her teeth strangely childlike and irregular—the colour of the deeper pearls. Like so many other film stars, she has completely transformed her appearance in the course of a few years, and has become particularly Hollywoodised. With incessant dieting, she has lost all interest in food, and you will see that her figure, though too angular for a sculpture, is perfect for modern clothes, and she, like many other stars, photographs so well that perhaps you are a little disappointed when you see her on the tennis court or ostensibly watching the polo match. Her jaw is so square that it troubles her, and she sends instructions to the retouching room that they pay strict attention to this in all the photographic proofs that are circularised. Her best feature is her violet eyes, heavily lashed, but I am of the same opinion as Lady Oxford in thinking that too much eyebrow-plucking creates the effect of a ham with a frill round it; and I think her eyes would be more telling with a furrier cornice.

She looks discontented, and for the masses she well epitomises the poor little rich girl. She is one of the greatest box-office draws on the screen, because she is rich and luxurious, dressed in Hollywood's "ladylike" tradition. She is fond of pervenche blue, very simply cut; yet it is surprising how "tough," in comparison with European standards, is this epitome of Hollywood elegance, for she lounges in her dressing-room "oh-yeahing" all who are bold enough to trespass into these precincts. She lies back with her arms in elaborate patterns around her head (she has the most brittley-white hands in Hollywood) in satin sheets or the darkest mink coat, and is impervious to complaints; in fact, she seems to enjoy and encourage criticism. She is as independent as she is ungracious, so that when she does flash a disarming smile you feel it is worth something.

Her dressing-room on the lot is a bungalow of several rooms; it is being redecorated in the pastel shades that befit a star. In one room an old lady has addressed a stack of envelopes a yard high on the desk, and into these she is now popping a large head of Mme. La Marquise, across which is sprawled "Best Wishes, Constance Bennett." Another room is filled with fan-mail, and a friend, out of curiosity, picks up one of these pathetic little epistles.

"DEAR MISS BENNETT,—You came to our little town in 'so-and-so' last week, and I write to tell you how grateful I am for the joy you have brought to our lonely existence with your sweet smile, your winning ways, your . . ." But Mme. La Marquise shrugs her shoulders.

"Oh, go and get me an ice-cream, chocolate and vanilla mixed."

The caféteria is shut.

"What sort of a joint is this?" complains the Marquise. "You can't even get an ice-cream cornet."

But the young man is saved by the telephone-bell.

"All right, Al; come and discuss it to-night; we 'll have dinner at home. We 've got to get some new twist to that last sequence, or. . ."

Miss Bennett is not only photographed in her films, but she seems to do most of the directing, acting, and the writing of the play herself, and she gets thoroughly worn out, as she is redecorating her new home too. It is going to look as though Syrie Maugham of London had done it, all white, so, what with one thing and another, she has a good deal on hand. No good hanging around the studio any longer. She goes out through the pass-door. "Now, where 's the driver gone?" It is a hot, sunny day, and the driver has gone to get a drink of water.

Obviously Miss Bennett enjoys planning her new pictures, wearing her new clothes from Paris, and her latest photographs are always her favourites, but she is not a thorough trouper, though she could not come of more theatrical stock: her father is Richard Bennett, the actor; both her sisters—Barbara, married to Morton Downey, a cabaret singer, and Joan, married to a scenario writer—are film stars, and both more beautiful, in my opinion, than she. Barbara is a Juno, and no one is prettier to photograph than Joan; but Constance must have more *flair* than these two, more flash and personality. She does not enjoy the smell of the footlights, and her glamour, prestige, and fan-mail mean nothing to her except that she has embarked upon this job, determined to make a success of it, and she has succeeded.

She enjoys leading the simple life. For days she is without make-up, her hair falling to her shoulders. After swimming, she will play tennis; after lunch, she will ride; in the evening she will play tennis again; after dinner she will work on a large jigsaw puzzle, and she goes to night-clubs in the more elegant parties; but obviously she does not enjoy Hollywood, and maybe this is another reason for her dissatisfaction. She apparently despises her audience; she talks of Paris night-clubs and parties, of retiring to a château on the Loire, and maybe in three years' time she will have pocketed sufficient money to quit and to become one of the cosmopolitans revolving round Miss Elsa Maxwell in the revolving door of the Ritz Hotel in Paris.

She will be a loss to the screen, for she gives charming performances in a light, slick manner. We shall miss the pleasure of watching so capricious a little character and wondering how such a frail barque can contend with the storms of the Hollywood studios. But our loss will be her gain, for suddenly she may enjoy herself, and continuously flash that disarming smile that displays the childishly irregular teeth.

MISS CONSTANCE BENNETT, whose art and personality are discussed by Mr. Cecil Beaton on this page, has just been seen in London in "Moulin Rouge." She has what is described as the "finest part of her whole career" in "The Affairs of Cellini," the film based on the life of the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini, which is known in America as "The Firebrand." Miss Bennett plays the Duchess of Florence to the Cellini of Fredric March. She is now making the picture version of Michael Arlen's novel "The Green Hat." "Stills" of her in these two films will be found on our facing page. This camera-portrait is by Cecil Beaton.

1. *MISS CONSTANCE BENNETT is now making the M.-G.-M. picture version of Michael Arlen's novel "THE GREEN HAT." She takes the part of the heroine, Iris March, and is here seen with MR. HERBERT MARSHALL (left), MR. HUGH WILLIAMS, who plays her brother, and MR. HENRY STEPHENSON.*

2. *MISS CONSTANCE BENNETT will shortly be seen in London in her new Twentieth-Century Picture, "THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI," in which she is the Duchess of Florence. In this scene Benvenuto Cellini (FREDRIC MARCH) is about to be hanged. The Duchess pleads for his life with the Duke and eventually he is saved. The Duke and Duchess are in the centre.*

3. *MISS CONSTANCE BENNETT as Iris March, heroine of "The Green Hat," wearing the famous green hat. She is the subject of the second of Mr. Cecil Beaton's series of "Personal Portraits of Film Stars," which appears opposite.*

4. *MISS CONSTANCE BENNETT as the Duchess of Florence, heroine of "The Affairs of Cellini," wears such voluminous and heavy sixteenth-century robes that she had to have a device made to take the weight of them off her shoulders. She is leaning on it.*

5. *MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL (r.) is here seen with MISS CONSTANCE BENNETT and MR. HUGH WILLIAMS in "The Green Hat."*

6. *Benvenuto Cellini, the great goldsmith (FREDRIC MARCH), shows his work to the Duchess of Florence (CONSTANCE BENNETT) in "The Affairs of Cellini."*

CONSTANCE BENNETT IN HER NEW FILMS: "CELLINI" AND "THE GREEN HAT."

"THE MAITLANDS"—BY THE LATE RONALD MACKENZIE.

1. *"THE MAITLANDS," by the late Ronald Mackenzie, author of "Musical Chairs," who was killed in a motor accident in France last year, is at Wyndham's. Phyllis (CATHERINE LACEY) is helping Mrs. Lacey (DAME MAY WHITTY) to dress Roger (JOHN GIELGUD) as Neptune for the Pageant, while he gives a lesson to the half-witted Arnold (STEPHEN HAGGARD), whom he is coaching.*
2. *Mrs. Maitland, fussy and affectionate (DAME MAY WHITTY), has creased John's (JACK HAWKINS) trousers the wrong way. He says he will wear them any way if she will only stop crying.*
3. *Roger (JOHN GIELGUD) has received a letter from his wife, telling him that she has left her lover and is returning. John (JACK HAWKINS) is on the sofa.*
4. *Dorothy Maitland (JOAN MARION) comes home to find that Joan (SOPHIE STEWART) is in love with Roger (JOHN GIELGUD). Miss Joan Marion takes the part of Nurse Denny in "Men in White"; so she "dies under an operation" at the Lyric and comes on to Wyndham's to shoot herself in "The Maitlands," for she attempts suicide!*

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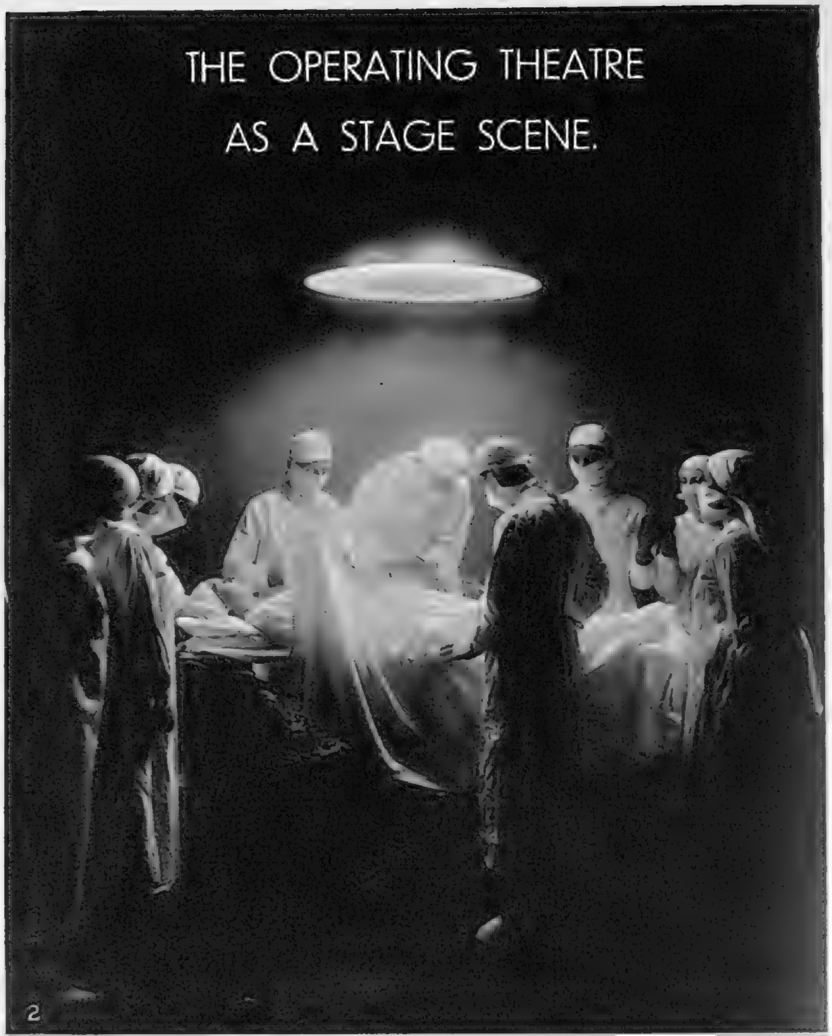

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1. *"MEN IN WHITE" is the striking play of hospital life by Sydney Kingsley, "anglicised" by Merton Hodge (from the original American), at the Lyric. The scene in the Board Room of the Hospital shows how even people of the highest integrity are ready to "swallow camels" when it comes to getting funds for their institution. The characters are (l. to r.) Braddock (LEWIS CASSON), Dr. Gordon (EVAN THOMAS), Mr. Spencer (CHARLES MAUNSELL), Sir William Houghton (E. BELLENDON CLARKE), James Mooney (CLARENCE BIGGE), Dr. Wren (STANLEY GROOME), and Dr. Cunningham (WALTER PIERS).*
2. *The most discussed scene of the play is the terribly realistic operating theatre décor. George Ferguson (ROBERT DOUGLAS) has, in the presence of his fiancée, to operate on the nurse whom he has seduced.*
3. *George Ferguson (ROBERT DOUGLAS) has had a quarrel with his fiancée and, in a moment of weakness, falls into an affaire with the pretty Nurse Denny (JOAN MARION), who is in love with him.*
4. *Just as Ferguson (ROBERT DOUGLAS) is preparing himself to operate on Nurse Denny, who is at the point of death owing to septic poisoning, his fiancée, Laura Hudson (JILL ESMOND), guesses the truth and confronts him with it. She does not realise that it is her selfishness and refusal to allow him to put his work before her pleasure that drove him into the arms of Nurse Denny.*

"ALWAYS PUT IT IN FRONT OF A MAN, BETTY"

THANK GOODNESS for a hearty appetite! The sort that comes from a morning's golf, when your one ambition is to blaze your trail through the good things of the table. An appetite like this makes you appreciate the fine flavour that Lea & Perrins gives to your food. This fine old sauce is really a highly concentrated essence of spices and other choice ingredients matured like a vintage wine. Wherever good food is served you will always find it. And when appetite is sadly lacking, Lea & Perrins helps you to eat with gusto and feel the better for it.

ENJOY LIFE AND GOOD LIVING WITH

Lea and Perrins Sauce

MATURED LIKE A GOOD WINE

M & C

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE production of "THE MAITLANDS" at Wyndham's, at the instance of Mr. John Gielgud, is an act of fealty towards his friend, the late author, Mr. Ronald Mackenzie, which commands our sympathy. At the same time, I can well understand why the play upset the equanimity of a fraction in the gallery. For, although it bears traces of consanguinity to "Musical Chairs," the author's first success, and a certain mesmeric influence of Tchehov's method, it is as far apart from the said little masterpiece as the poles, and (this being the reason of the malcontents' demonstration) it leads nowhere except to a clumsily engineered chaos. At first we were highly interested in the Maitland *ménage*. That dear old mother (Dame May Whitty), beast of burden to the family, beset by a thousand petty worries; that elder son, the schoolmaster, rudderless without the wife who had left him for reasons of health and gone off with another man; that younger son, a blustering actor, bubbling over with egotism and erotics; that niece, amorous to fever heat; that half-witted young pupil, tolerated because his father pays (and courts the niece), form a rare assortment of the human Whipsnade, all out of the common, all eccentric, but, for all that, both conceivable and humorous. When, however, in the second act the author has imparted to us as much of the characters as would be stimulating and peculiar, he finds himself *au bout de son Latin*. He repeats himself and his situations, and at length he has to resort to an amateur rehearsal far less funny and more banal than the famous "Pantomime rehearsal," and a drunken scene which, lasting at least fifteen minutes, watch in hand, is neither edifying nor amusing nor essential. In the last act, our author springs a surprise on us. The schoolmaster's wife suddenly returns; her husband refuses to have anything to do with her; she seizes a revolver and tries to kill herself. The shot upset us; the final hither and thither running of nearly all the characters disconcerts us.

The fine acting of most of the company compensates us for the diffuseness and happy-go-lucky evolution of the play, but, unlike in the case of "Musical Chairs," we go home empty-handed. Somehow, somewhere, the target had been missed. Mr. John Gielgud was pathetically sympathetic as the schoolmaster, so was Dame May Whitty; and Mr. Frederick Lloyd, a big, burly *bon enfant* of nature, was full of humour, especially when he was full of drink. His comicality saved the scene. Mr. Jack Hawkins was the mummer to the life—he literally bristled with vitality and sex. Miss Joan Marion as the prodigal wife made the most of an almost ludicrous intrusion; but the two actresses who played the niece and her friend were, despite all efforts, either too brittly intense or too emotionally passionate to be wholly in the picture. On the other hand, young Mr. Stephen Haggard gave a wonderful study of obvious imbecility, tinged with a certain "slimness" often characteristic of those who appear not to be "all there."

"MEN IN WHITE," at the Lyric, is an almost alarmingly realistic hospital drama. This is Sherriffs' recollection of the great operating theatre scene. "Let operations commence!" is the title for the drawing. Surgeons and supernumeraries are washed, disinfected, and attired in fine linen. Photographs are on another page.

Emile Braddock, F.R.C.S. (LEWIS CASSON; left), advises George Ferguson (ROBERT DOUGLAS) against doing the right thing by "Our Nell." He says, in effect, that there is more joy in heaven over one Lister than over any number of just gentlemen—say ninety-nine.

As the little farce lumbered along, I said to myself: "But I have seen all that, but when and where?" Then, as by telepathy, a colleague tapped me on the shoulder asking: "Don't you remember Miss Iris Hoey in the part of the frivolous, fascinating aunt who all of a sudden becomes bibulous and goes—most innocently, we surmise—on the spree with her nephew?" Then I began to see light in the back parlour of my memory, and I recalled a most joyful, stimulating, and discreetly naughty performance by one of our cleverest *comédiennes*, far too rarely seen in London these days. Incidentally, I could also more or less retrace the play, "Tell Me the Truth," as it was called then, and which now, at the Whitehall, suddenly reappears as "ELIZABETH SLEEPS OUT," by Leslie Howard. I wonder what impelled this clever actor, who has lately made his name on the screen, to light up new lamps for old. It may have been to give a chance to a kinema colleague, Mr. George K. Arthur, to prove his prowess (and the house was full of "stars" whose names are household words among kinema fans). If so, the yeoman service went for nought, for Mr. George K. Arthur has none of the versatility and the vim required by farcical plays. He is a pleasant person, but his humour is more inhibited than exhibited. Besides, the play itself, unless it had been acted in *Asti Spumante* ebullition, was not such as to promise much reward.

Structurally, it is some forty to fifty years behind the times. It belongs to the age of "The Private Secretary," and then it demanded a Penley or a Hawtrey to make it go. I wonder whether the modern conversational style has caused our producers to forget the good old farce method which, in its day, induced the public to accept any kind of wild dramatic plot or impersonation, provided that it was acted at a pace which took our breath (and critical inclinations) away. For, whoever is responsible for the production and casting, he has backed the wrong horse in many of his selections, and missed a win through his erroneous estimation of pace. To let two characters indulge in long tirades without ever changing their position is a dead-weight on the attempted effects, and here this happened time after time, and monotony set in, despite the arduous endeavours of the actors. But then, who would cast Miss Helen Haye, that *grande dame* and fine character-actress, as a successor to the *espiègle* Miss Hoey? Who would cast Mr. Frank Cellier, whose very name conjures up a gallery of comedy and dramatic creations, as a kind of fifth wheel to the carriage, to be made fun of by his fellow-players, and vainly to seek humour in his arid part? Who would waste the gifted Maisie Darrell on a bundle of sentimentality fit to be played by a promising novice? Who would allow three ladies round the breakfast table to babble inaudibly in a long opening scene, so that we in the stalls heard mere syllables, never a sentence, and thereby (maybe?) missed many a joke. As it was, Mr. Billy Leonard became the hero of the situation: true, his task was easy; all he had to do was to be "squiffy" during three acts. But how well he did it! It reminded us of the old days, when, of farce and acting alike, we said "rollicking," and roared at the antics on the stage.

Dr. Cunningham (WALTER PIERS; right) protests against the intrusion of Mister Ferguson (ROBERT DOUGLAS; centre) upon one of his patients when he, personally, had abandoned hope. Nurse Denny (JOAN MARION; left) signals that it is not her fault and that he'd better keep quiet anyway.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "TOUCH WOOD" (Haymarket). 8.15.—"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St James's). 8.30.—"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo) .8.30.—"CONVERSATION PIECE" (His Majesty's). 8.30.—THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE, Regent's Park. 8.30. Season of Shakespeare, etc.—"QUEEN OF SCOTS" (New). 8.30.
PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING: "BALLETS RUSSES" (Covent Garden). 8.45.—"COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—"LIVING DANGEROUSLY" (Strand). 8.30.—"HAPPY WEEK-END" (Duke of York's). 8.15.—"VINTAGE WINE" (Daly's). 8.30.—"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" Revue. (Palace). 8.30.—"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30.—"THE COUNTRY WIFE" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—"THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS" (Vaudeville). 8.30.—"MEN IN WHITE" (Lyric). 8.30.—"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Savoy). 8.30.—"SIXTEEN" (Criterion). 8.30.—"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.

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CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

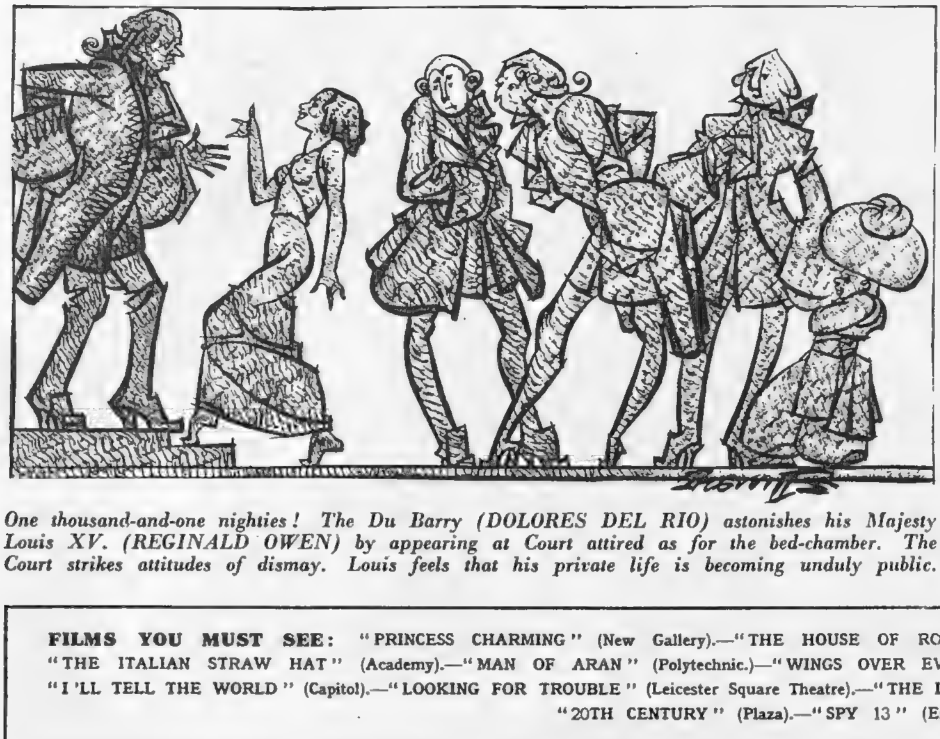
LEE TRACY, back at his old job of star reporter, finds his style a trifle cramped by the august society into which he is thrust. For the dynamic American pressman, after stealing a scoop from a rival over an airship stranded in the Hudson Bay, is sent chasing across the Atlantic in the wake of mysterious royalty in "I'LL TELL THE WORLD" (Capitol). At Vichy he encounters a lovely creature—and Gloria Stuart, who plays the part, is good to look at, if nothing else—whom he gets to know as plain Jane. But Jane is a Princess, and Jane is being lured back to a Ruritanian throne, merely, however, to be murdered, along with all her kin, by a villainous Count. Tracy, of course, in the intervals of getting his story and beating the other reporter to it, saves the situation and wins a bride. So here is our pugnacious Tracy cooing like a turtle-dove over a pretty Princess; a dress-suit Tracy, as it were, kissing a lady's hand instead of punching her on the chin; a Tracy who has to live up to a heroine to whom have been allotted such lines as: "What a mundane question to ask"! To be sure, he takes it out on every telephone instrument within his rival's reach, and, whenever the wholly incredible Ruritanian melodrama gives him a chance, he takes the situations at his customary rush. You can pick plenty of holes in this newspaper extravaganza, nor is the European atmosphere at any time convincing; but Tracy makes the most of his comedy opportunities, and, taken in a holiday humour, the picture is quite pleasantly exciting.

The "MADAME DUBARRY" film at the Carlton Theatre gives the rôle of a sugar-daddy to Louis XV. Here we see his girl-friend, the Du Barry (DOLORES DEL RIO), enjoying a midsummer sleigh-ride at Versailles, sugar supplying the unfortunate deficiency of snow.

The other Tracy, Spencer of that ilk, shares heroic and histrionic honours with Jack Oakie in "LOOKING FOR TROUBLE" (Leicester Square Theatre), a melodrama that derives its chief strength from the occupation of its two chief protagonists. Hollywood has always been quick to seize on the dramatic possibilities of its national services, setting an example thereby that we should do well to follow. In this instance we are vouchsafed some interesting glimpses of the U.S. telephone service, so interesting, indeed, that I, for one, rather begrudged the time devoted to a conventional story of love, jealousy, and crookery. Tracy and Oakie are telephone-repair mechanics, or, to use the American idiom, "trouble shooters." Sent out in all weathers to repair the damage done by flood, fire, and storm, at the beck and call of every householder whose telephone has gone back on him, Tracy neglects his girl, who gets involved with a dismissed mechanic. This shady gentleman rises to affluence by tapping the wires of prominent stockbrokers, and here again there is illuminating business to strengthen the sinews of frankly popular stuff; whilst the grand finale, wherein a confession of murder is sent over the hastily reconnected wires after a truly sensational earthquake has wrecked them, carries a genuine thrill. Spencer, like Lee, attunes his customary bounce to the demands of romance, but he handles his part firmly, leavens his lovelorn condition with a dry humour, and pursues his job as to the manner born. Jack Oakie supplies the comic relief in his best boastful, wise-cracking vein; Constance Cummings gives a veneer of charm to an annoying heroine; and an excellent bit of acting comes from Judith Wood as the blonde and revengeful member of the wire-tapping gang.

La Duchesse de Grammont (VERREE TEASDALE; right) finds that life with the Du Barry (DOLORES DEL RIO; left) holds more kicks than sous (French). She has already been called a "cow"—an old rococo phrase.

"SPY 13," at the Empire, features Marion Davies and Gary Cooper. And if that is not sufficient to indicate the nature of this Secret Service drama, let me inform you that, after the names of the supporting company, appears the tell-tale line: "And the Four Mills Brothers." So now you know what you 're in for. Yes, this is the romantic side of a stern and risky business, with the harmony boys close at hand to croon their love-songs in the moonlight, and the picturesque period of the American Civil War to supply a luscious background. The story of the lovely young Yankee actress who becomes Spy 13 runs true to type. She duly penetrates into the Southern lines as a quadroon maiden, though how in the world she passed muster as a coloured girl only the gods of fiction know. There she meets her fate in the handsome person of Gary Cooper, a Confederate agent. They are destined to meet again, to discover each other's occupations at the same time as their mutual love, to be thrown together in desperate escape—which permits Miss Davies to don a uniform and be a golden-headed boy—and ultimate union. This, with interludes of lovering, swinging under the old apple-tree (very pretty if you do it in a crinoline), a bridal festivity interrupted by the big guns of the Northerners, a bride bereft of her groom—as we knew she would be when she donned her orange-blossoms—makes up the major part of the picture. But there are some pretty grim bits of battle, as a painful reminder of reality and discomforting in the actual pain they must have inflicted on supers and horses. I would have preferred to bask undisturbed in the moonshine of a typical Marion Davies vehicle.



One thousand-and-one nighties! The Du Barry (DOLORES DEL RIO) astonishes his Majesty Louis XV. (REGINALD OWEN) by appearing at Court attired as for the bed-chamber. The Court strikes attitudes of dismay. Louis feels that his private life is becoming unduly public.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE: "PRINCESS CHARMING" (New Gallery).—"THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD" (Tivoli).—"EVERGREEN" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—"THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT" (Academy).—"MAN OF ARAN" (Polytechnic.)—"WINGS OVER EVEREST" (Polytechnic). **FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "I 'LL TELL THE WORLD" (Capitol).—"LOOKING FOR TROUBLE" (Leicester Square Theatre).—"THE LOVES OF ARIANE" (Rialto).—"MADAME DUBARRY" (Carlton).—"20TH CENTURY" (Plaza).—"SPY 13" (Empire).

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"THE POWER TO KILL" is a dramatic novel, and also a novel of character. As is well known, the two qualities are not always found together. Drama is such a compelling interest in itself that a novel possessing it can afford to dispense with characterisation. Indeed, we often see carefully built-up characters losing their identities as the dramatic moment approaches. In the flame and heat of the ordeal their distinguishing traits fall from them, as the outlines of a wax figure perish when it is held too near the fire. They are, as it were, devoured by their situation; they become less important than the facts in their own case. If A is to be murdered by B, it is the murder which holds our attention, not A's or B's personality. Some writers, aware of this danger, determine to preserve their characters' individualities intact at all costs; with the result, as often as not, that the situation itself becomes unreal. Before committing the bloody deed, A remembers to tie his shoe-laces in a certain way; B, on the point of receiving the fatal thrust, cries out: "My sainted aunt!" or some favourite exclamation. Both are true to themselves, but their conduct is not true to the spirit of murder and leaves us unconvinced that such event is happening.

"The Power to Kill." Notwithstanding the political reigns of terror with which we are growing familiar, it is still difficult to imagine murder being committed by the sort of people "one knows," and a novelist must feel his way cautiously to make it convincing—remembering that the better we know his characters, the harder we shall find it to "suspend disbelief" in any act of violence they may consider or commit. He must make the crime, or threatened crime, a logical outcome of the interaction between character and circumstance, and must adjust the two so nicely that neither, in our estimate of probability, injures the other. It is Mr. Robert Hichens's triumph that he succeeds perfectly in accomplishing this difficult feat. We are made to feel that the young American, Clarence Van Drinen, does possess "the power to kill"; we also feel that he will not use that power unless provoked and exasperated to the uttermost. Mr. Hichens has to invent circumstances in which Van Drinen will lose his self-control. And he does. No one who follows the story (and it is not easy to put down) to the moment when Leila, Van Drinen's wife, arrives unexpectedly in Bâle and finds her husband and Virginia McGarron dining together, can doubt that there will be an explosion.

Slow Motion. "The Power to Kill" has the defects of its merits. It is realistic in the best sense, psychologically subtle, tense with the threat of violence. But it is too drawn out. Mr. Hichens has expanded a short story into a novel. The dialogue—excellent, nearly all of it—is even fuller than it would be in ordinary life. No detail is omitted—the closing of a door, a smile, a nod, a bow—that could help the impression of actuality or stimulate suspense. The action of the book takes place in "slow motion," and there are times when we can hardly restrain our impatience at so many (apparent) recapitulations, so much ground traversed and re-traversed, and so little progress made. Also, (though this is no criticism of the book), I could not help feeling irritated with the rôle the narrator plays in the whole tangled affair. He begins as a friend of Van Drinen, whom Mrs. McGarron, pursued by the furies of unrequited love, had tried to shoot in Washington. He extends his friendship to the beautiful Leila, aids and abets her marriage with Van Drinen, and insists that they shall immediately fly from England; and why? Because in the interval he has made friends with Mrs. McGarron, and believes, or deceives himself into believing, that she is ready to make another attempt on Van Drinen's life. When he hears that Van Drinen is being criticised for fleeing in cowardly fashion from a woman, he hastens out to Naples and urges the pair to come back. He means well, no doubt, by all three parties, but the effect of his interference is to put ideas into Van Drinen's head—*i.e.*, that Mrs. McGarron was waiting her opportunity to break up their marriage—which, but for him, might never have entered it. He acts as an irritant instead of as a salve. He ought not to have parleyed with the enemy; he ought to have set his face against Mrs. McGarron from the first.

However, but for him we could never have known the inner history of three very interesting human beings, or come so near to solving the "enigma" of Van Drinen's personality—a really tantalising problem. "The Power to Kill" is a worthy successor to "The Paradine Case," and it is delightful to see Mr. Hichens's evergreen talent putting forth these new and sturdy shoots.

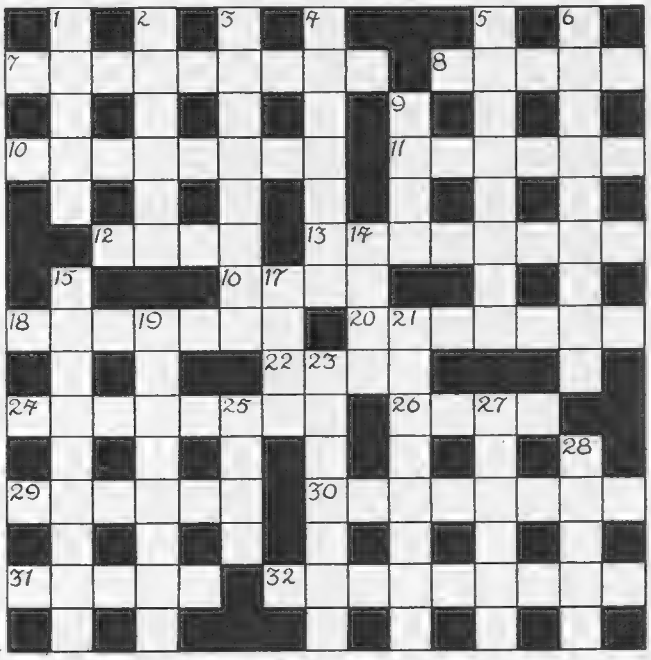
"Wild Strawberries." Mrs. Thirkell is, comparatively, a newcomer to the field of fiction, but she has already won a name for herself there. "Wild Strawberries" will certainly add to her laurels; of all her novels that I have read, it is easily the best, and also the funniest, which is saying a good deal. Mrs. Thirkell has kept in check her overmastering instinct to caricature; most of the members of the Leslie family, and their house-party at Rushworth, are recognisably human beings, in spite of their manifold absurdities, amiable

[Continued on page VIII.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

7. Not far from London, but bound to be famous in time.
8. A cathedral town.
10. This poet was never free of an internal chill.
11. A crime.
12. Probably a German, whichever way you look at him.
13. Shows how a steward may turn in a certain direction.
16. It is perfectly crazy for any trader to be out of them.
18. The sort of man to "play it low down"?
20. Putting things No. 24 Across.
22. An icon converted to commercial use.
24. The best way to run.
26. ". . . and the slithy ——s did gyre and gimble in the wabe" (Alice).
29. There seems some doubt about this quadruped.
30. You may do it to a fault; a neighbour; or a workman.
31. Is New York able to be shrewd in Scotland?
32. In your rock-garden, possibly.



DOWN.

1. This stretch of country might well be Pall Mall, to judge from its contents.
2. Give over, according to Mr. Robey.
3. Birds bearing permits.
4. Queer that clarets can turn this shade!
5. A monarch and what he wields in Central London.
6. A greedy bird.
9. A sacred bird.
14. A bit of elastic that produces lots of wine.
15. Mr. Leonard Henry has defined him as a man who uses a butter-knife when quite alone.
17. Irritation in the kitchen.
19. A bad word in fish turns to hatred.
21. It's no longer bold and brave when laid out as I printed.
23. Some fellow appears to be after No. 12 Across, but if he isn't an Eastern you can sit on him!
25. About his a well-tailored man might reverse.
27. Material with a tempting finish.
28. It suggests a boatman's song.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, July 23, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published in the second column of page VIII) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

Experimenting with make-up and changing the way in which one's hair is dressed can be not only the greatest fun, but a really valuable mental tonic. It prevents monotony, and that in itself is something much to be desired.

But on her wedding day no girl should try to change her appearance. She should be just herself, as her friends know her and like her. A little idealised, maybe—but not altered.

Her hair should be arranged very much as it usually is, except where some slight difference is necessary in order that the veil may be fixed comfortably and securely.

This is a point which is fully appreciated by Emile, of 24, Conduit Street, W., in whose salons the charming coiffure illustrated on this page was created. Go there two or three times before the great day arrives, so that they may study the contours of your head and the expression of your face. Then let them make for you an idealised, a perfected version of your own coiffure, as they so well can.

Such deft touches, so subtle an improvement—a marvellous example of the art that conceals art.

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

GOODWOOD

TAILORED CLOTHES whether the weather is WET or FINE

Tailor-mades for Goodwood. If it is cool or there is a hint of rain, the suit above would be perfect. And, in any case, it would prove a very useful addition to a chic wardrobe, for it shows a new line for the autumn.

Made in a nigger-brown and loganberry checked tweed, with loose white hairs on the surface, the skirt has double pleats at the front, and the cardigan and cape are cut in one. The latter has a loose swing back, the former fits snugly—and the price is twelve-and-a-half guineas. Here is a silhouette which will be important.

Should the weather prove fine and warm, the suit on the right is suggested. Made in a new soft white alpaca, the short-sleeved dress has a plastron front, buttoned at the neck, and is laced down the left side. The novel belt is in navy and white leather.

The same dark blue is used for the loose coat, which is lined with white. This suit, with the one above, comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W., and it costs 18½ guineas. It can be made in light woollen fabrics in any combination of colour.

PARTY CLOTHES FOR THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS

A party where children can enjoy themselves to their hearts' content, romping and playing, without anyone having to remind them to take care of their clothes—and where parents can feel as proud at the end of the afternoon as they did when the small daughter first set out in her gay little dress. That is what happens when frocks are made of Tootal Crease-Resisting fabrics, for they are economical, always fresh, and they keep their crease-resisting powers when they are washed.

The little girl on the settee is wearing a frock of Tootal taffeta in delicate nasturtium shades; the one who is blindfolded wears the same fabric in a blue and white sprigged design; and the third child looks enchanting in her dress of pastel-coloured Robia voile. All of them are amazingly inexpensive and beautifully made.

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

THE International Alpine Trial, that vast test of motor-cars and their drivers over the loftiest passes in the Alps, never fails to attract a big British entry. Even this year, when extremely strict regulations allow nothing but genuine production model vehicles to take part, an entry of well over thirty cars has been received.

The route is probably the most severe that has ever been used for the Alpine Trial. Starting at Nice, the competitors have first to drive to Aix-les-Bains, taking on their way most of the older and steeper French passes. Included in the first day's run is a timed ascent of the Col du Galibier, France's highest motor road, which rises to over 8000 feet. The second day Interlaken is the objective, and on the third day St. Moritz is the terminal point. The Stelvio Pass, the highest road in Europe, towering as it does 9040 feet into the sky, is the scene of the second timed hill-climb. Some of the larger cars will have to average 26 m.p.h. up this amazing road, seventeen miles of steady climbing with forty-nine hair-pin bends.

Then down into the plains of Venice, lying placid in the heat haze of an August afternoon, and so round the north coast of the Adriatic, over wild and comparatively unknown mountains, to Zagreb in Yugo-Slavia. From here the tremendous final stage of some 400 miles in length has to be covered to the finishing-point of the Trial at Munich. Included in this last day's run are some of the most terrifying ascents in the Austrian Alps, including the notorious Turracher Höhe, with its appalling gradient and surface like a roughly-hewn flight of steps.

A sensation has been created by the re-entry into the competition world of Clement Talbot, Ltd. This old-established London concern has entered a team of three "105" touring cars. There are also teams of S.S.1, Singer, Triumph, and Riley cars, in addition to numerous private entries, which include M.G., Alvis, Railton Terraplane, Austin, and other well-known makes.

The International Alpine Trial is by far the most gruelling test of a production model car ever designed. The car that does well in this event is fit for service in any part of the world. It is also one of the greatest adventures which the ordinary private motorist can ever experience.

There is no doubt about the "one-way traffic" rule in this quiet Gloucestershire village. If the ALVIS were not welcome everywhere, one might almost think it an intruder in such an old-world corner!

A NEW LONG-LIFE TYRE.

Development is certainly not at a standstill when it comes to motor tyres. Every few months the constant testing and experimenting of the tyre manufacturers bears fruit, and a new and better tyre comes on the market. One of the most striking yet produced is the new Goodyear "G-3." It is claimed that forty-three per cent. more non-skid mileage is obtained with this new Goodyear tyre than with the previous tyre manufactured by the same concern.

The HILLMAN "MINX" in this Devonshire lane is on the approach to the notorious Simms Hill, which it climbed with ease.

The *raison d'être* for this new tyre is the rapid tyre wear of which so many motorists are now complaining. The tyres are not really to blame. It is the high speed of modern cars, their fierce acceleration and powerful brakes, and the tendency for most motorists to drive harder and faster than before, that is the cause of tyres wearing so rapidly.

The Goodyear people set out to produce a tyre that could cope with these conditions. After all sorts of tests, including being ground against giant flywheels covered with abrasive, and road tests covering 600 miles a day at 50 m.p.h., with the brakes being violently applied every two miles, they designed a tyre now known as the "G-3," that outlasted all others by forty-three per cent. I hear that during these severe tests to the tyres the brakes had to be relined every seventy-two hours and even the cars broke down, but the "G-3" never failed. The new Goodyear "G-3" tyre does not cost more than other tyres, and in certain sizes it incorporates the special silent tread in which the tread blocks—which are thicker than before, by the way—vary in size in much the same way as troops are ordered to break step when crossing a bridge, so that the harmful vibration does not affect the structure of the bridge. So the tyre tread is made irregular so that a noise creating vibration is not set up in the tyre.

Some of the motor advertising one sees these days is extremely good. Personally, I am always interested to see anything new in this line. The latest brochure to come my way is issued by the Hillman people, and is entitled "A New Thrill Has Come Into Life." The clue to the booklet is in the last two pages, where an Aero "Minx" is shown tearing past about ten milestones standing steadily shoulder to shoulder with the slogan, "The car that makes milestones matey."

MISS FRANCES DAY is registering complete satisfaction with her new AIR-FLOW CHRYSLER. With her are two other Gaumont-British stars, MR. BARRY MACKAY and MR. HARTLEY POWER.

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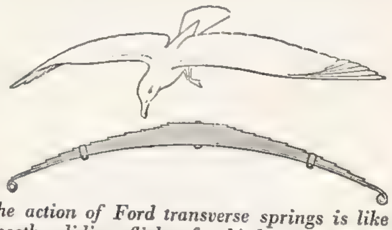

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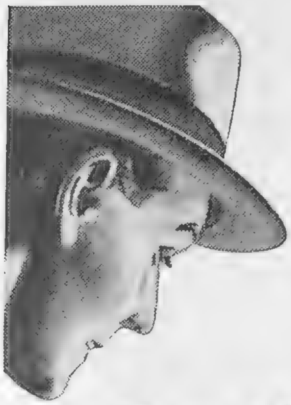

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FROM EUSTON (LMS)

Week-Days—RESTAURANT

A.M.
10.0 "The Royal Scot" — Edinburgh and Glasgow.
10.5 Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen (and Oban — Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays only).
P.M.
1.15A "The Mid-day Scot"—Glasgow.
1.30B "The Mid-day Scot" — Edinburgh and Glasgow.
1.35 Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Aberdeen, Oban and Inverness. (No arrival on Sundays for Oban and Inverness.)

Sundays—RESTAURANT

A.M.
11.30 Glasgow (Cent.).
11.45 Glasgow (Cent.) and Edinburgh (Princes Street). Perth.

NOTES: A Saturdays only. Will not run after September 8th. B For Edinburgh only on Saturdays until September 8th inclusive.

FROM KING'S CROSS (L·N·E·R)

Week-Days—RESTAURANT

A.M.
10.0 "The Flying Scotsman" — Louis XVI Restaurant. Edinburgh (non-stop), Dundee, Aberdeen.
10.5 Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Aberdeen.
11.20 "The Queen of Scots" Pullman. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee.
11.50 Edinburgh, Glasgow.
P.M.
1.20 Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Inverness

Sundays—RESTAURANT

A.M.
11.20 Edinburgh.
P.M.
12.40 Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Inverness.

FROM ST. PANCRAS (LMS)

Week-Days—RESTAURANT

A.M.
9.0 "The Thames—Forth Express" — Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.
10.0 "The Thames—Clyde Express"—Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Glasgow (St. Enoch), Ayr, Turnberry.
12.0 noon Edinburgh, Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Glasgow, Perth (and Inverness — no arrival on Sundays).

Sundays

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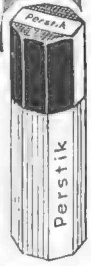

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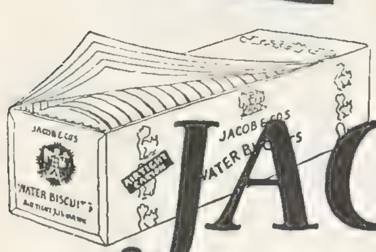

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

HARD on the heels of our Open Championship at Royal St. George's, when Henry Cotton came so magnificently and yet so humanly into his own at last, followed the French Open Championship at Dieppe. The field was not quite so strong as had been anticipated, for the American contingent did not put in an appearance, nor was the British entry fully representative. None the less, there was talent in plenty, and some very fine golf in tricky conditions on a course that bakes iron hard in dry weather. All the more credit, therefore, to Brews, who lay close up to the leaders all through, to come with a rush at the end and win on the post in the most impressive manner. Brews was very highly thought of by Percy Barker, the President of the South African Golf Union, and other South African golfers of experience who arrived here this spring. Early in May, at St. Andrews, Barker told me he fully expected Brews to do well, and he certainly has. Six rounds in an average of 4's at Southport, fine form in exhibition matches, second in our Open and first in the French, from such golfers as Boyer and Boomer, is a record of which any professional may justly be proud. Brews' success will give South African golf a new impulse, which I hope may lead before long to an amateur from that Dominion emulating his example. Young G. Bessner, the German professional, who returned to his club at Garmisch-Partenkirchen just before I left that lovely spot in the Bavarian Alps, told me how impressed he was with Brews' quality.

MISS BERYL POCKETT is driving off from the first tee in the French Ladies Golf Championship at Le Touquet. MISS GRACE AMORY (U.S.A.) is watching. Miss Amory defeated the holder, Miss K. Garnham, in the second round.

Two Good German Professionals.

Both this Bessner and his brother, who succeeded Percy Alliss as the professional to the famous Berlin course at Wannsee, also did well at Dieppe, and their joint performances will give a real fillip to German golf. I played a round with G. Bessner at Garmisch, and was most impressed by his promise. He is young—still in the early twenties—and has the fundamental qualities required by the class player. Ideal build, perfect physical fitness, great power, stroke variety, and the true golfing temperament. All he now requires is more experience of the game in the best company to win a position in the front rank. I only hope that conditions will admit of this while he is still young. Of his brother, all I know is by repute, and that is good. These two come of a proper golfing family, for their father and three other brothers are all engaged in the game, and I fully expect to hear more of them in the future.

MISS DIANA ESMOND, the well-known French girl golfer (left), and MISS KATHLEEN GARNHAM, winner of the French Ladies' Championship last year, are posed together at Le Touquet, where the French Ladies Championship was played.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.

And now a word about a beauty-spot to which I have lost my heart, and which I prophesy will become a favourite sports centre before many years are passed. Lying as it does under the shadow of that wonderful rock range dominated by the Alpspitze and the Zügspitze, two grand mountains, the scenery is magnificent. So there is rock-climbing second to none; indeed, it was along these ridges, up these buttresses and chimneys, that the Bavarian expedition to Kanchenjunga did some of their preparatory training. Then there is a beautiful swimming-pool, also excellent lawn tennis courts, with the Eibsee, a lovely lake, a short motor-run away for boating, bathing, and excursions, with trout-fishing into the bargain. In winter, there is first-class ski-ing, bobbing, and skating, so good that the Olympic Games winter sports will be held at Garmisch in 1936. Already the bob-run and the ski-jump are nearing completion—a ski-jump that is higher than the famous Julier Leap at St. Moritz. Lastly, there is the golf-course; only nine holes, but nine holes that run over ideal ground, and which, with such beautiful surroundings, can be played again and again without a suspicion of boredom. Garmisch, only an hour and a-half from Munich, is within twenty-four hours of London, and the journey and *good* living are both cheap, and the friendliness of the inhabitants most engaging.

The BARTON SISTERS, Pam and Mervyn, entered for the French Ladies Golf Championship. Miss Pam, who was runner-up for the English Ladies Championship, is driving. She entered the final by defeating Mlle. Aline de Gunzbourg, the French native champion, by 4 and 3. The other finalist was Mlle. D. Lavigne of St. Germain.

A Wonderful Welcome.

I was very fortunate, for Herr Karl Henkell, the head of the German Golf Union, had very kindly written to Herr von Gallen, the honorary secretary, of my intended visit, and I arrived to meet with a warm welcome from him, and from Rittmeister Robert Smidt, the President, Herr Hans Thieme, the vice-president, and Prince Reuss the 42nd, who is Captain of the Club. We had some delightful matches, and one specially arranged competition, which, needless to say, I did *not* win. The night before I left, Herr and Frau Thieme entertained my wife and me to dinner in their home, the Haus Thieme, which is full of such things as would rejoice the heart of an art connoisseur, including among the pictures a magnificent El Greco and a small Rembrandt that is a perfect gem.

News from Homburg.

I have just received a letter from Colonel Martin, late of the German Army, whom I met at Frankfurt during the match between France and Germany. Colonel Martin, who is the chairman and honorary secretary of the Homburg Golf Club, writes: "I am very anxious for all our pre-war British members to know that their old traditions are being carried on, and that any of them coming over will be welcomed as entitled to all their former privileges. Sir John Brunner's and the Ladies Challenge Cups are to be played for on August 26. . . . "

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"YES, but supposing you did——"

"I couldn't."

"Why not? In that case brought last month, the judge allowed the outside broker to plead the Gaming Act and to get away with it. Result: the client didn't receive the profit which he flattered himself that he had made."

"The shares were never bought or sold in the market, though."

"That was the whole point. The judgment rested upon it. Haven't I told you the same thing, over and over again?"

"Well, how does that differ from a spec. I have, say, in the Stock Exchange? Isn't it precisely the same thing?"

"It's precisely the opposite thing. If you wanted to have a gamble on the bull tack in Randfontein——"

"May I have Goldfields instead?"

"Have anything you like. You give me an order to buy you five hundred shares——"

"We are only pretending, aren't we?"

"Five thousand, then, if you're feeling spacious. Or make it fifty, shall we?"

"I can almost hear the bat in your belfry."

"For those Goldfields I go into the Stock Exchange, and I buy the shares. It's a bargain, don't you see? They are actual shares which you or somebody else will have to pay for sooner or later."

"If it's five thousand shares, it won't be me that pays—either sooner or later. But wouldn't a bucket-shop do the same thing as yourself? Send an order into the market and buy the shares?"

"No, you mugwump! That's what I'm trying to explain to you. The bucket-shop will sell you the shares——"

"Go a bear of them?"

"Exactly. Charge you a deposit and hope for a fall, so that they can stick to your deposit or margin or cover, whatever you like to call the money you pay."

"You can keep the transaction alive," The City Editor remarked, "if the price falls, by putting up more margin or cover."

"Goldfields might go up, though, and give me the chance of taking a profit if I liked to sell. Seems to me fair enough."

"'Taking a profit'? That's when the law steps in to defeat you. I'll assume you do sell, at an eighth profit. Do you think you're sure to get it?"

"You would have to pay if I were dealing with you, my boy, or the Stock Exchange Committee would hear about it pretty soon."

"You are impossible!" exclaimed The Broker. "If you deal in the Stock Exchange, shares are actually bought and sold, and each transaction is carried through automatically. But the bucket-shop, having neither bought nor sold actual shares, can say, 'I was only gambling, and therefore I needn't pay, under the Gaming Act.' Can't you see the difference?"

The Merchant nodded. ("The kitten is opening its eyes," The Jobber observed.) "Rather a one-sided arrangement, isn't it?"

"It's the law, anyway, and the bucket-shops know it well enough."

"I've never seen it emphasised in their literature," remarked The Engineer. "And I get floods of circulars every week."

"Which in itself shows you the profitable nature of the game from the bucket-shop standpoint."

"Of course it's a paying job if they are able to evade payment of differences when it suits them to do so."

The City Editor said that, until one started to write about this dirty business, he could never realise the extent over which the bucket-shop nets are spread.

"Most of us don't know the difference between an outside broker and a Stock Exchange broker. Except, of course," he added, "by their clothes."

The Jobber demanded to know what he meant by that, but The Engineer only laughed and ran on to Railway lines.

"The Home Railway stocks are low in price: that is the principal attraction about them," he contended. "The day will come for the junior stocks to claim consideration as serious investments, but that day isn't here yet."

"What about Great Western ordinary?"

"That's the obvious exception. And I should say, mind you, that the time isn't so far off when the companies will get near to dividends again."

"I don't know," and The City Editor spoke dubiously. "A long way off at present, I should say."

"The Stock Exchange doesn't wait for events to happen. It likes to get well ahead of them. Bit of a platitude, perhaps," he hastened to be first to say.

The Broker nodded to him with affable acquiescence. "You may well add that," he answered. "Some of our newly-popular Kaffir shares are more in the nature of promising prospects than of proved propositions."

"Bound to be, don't you think? Very few of us can afford to buy Sub-Nigels or Springs or East Gedulds——"

"You can have Modders. and Government Areas, you know."

"And not go far wrong with them, either. But they are both at high premiums; wasting assets; nothing sensational likely to happen to the dividends——"

"Investment shares, in fact. Isn't that the kind you want?"

"Me personally? Oh, as a member of the public? No; I should say we prefer a gambling chance to be mixed up with our gold mines. You agree, eh?"

The Jobber did; right heartily.

The Engineer began to express a doubt as to whether some of the new shares were not high enough. "Kentans," he instanced. "East African Goldfields; Klip Nigel." And he shook his head slowly from side to side.

"Please don't," The Jobber prayed. "I go dithery when people do that."

"What sends me dithery, as you call it," retaliated The Engineer, "is for people talking to say 'Listen' when you certainly must."

"That is rather annoying," The City Editor was ready to acknowledge. "I do it myself sometimes. But listen——"

"That's deliberate, my lad. Kentans, did you say? Kentans are all right. East Africans aren't too bad, either. Don't know much about the other things."

"Plenty more of the same sort coming, I guess. Five shilling shares, and that's about all that some of them are jolly well worth. Start them at anything between ten bob and a sovereign, and plenty of people will lap them up like my typist does lipstick."

"Some folks must be growing very rich these days. They seem to have no difficulty whatever in amassing piles of wealth. Why don't we do it, I wonder?"

"Listen," said The City Editor——

"'It's too 'ot to 'aggle,'" quoth The Broker, hitting the enemy's hat hard with a tightly-rolled newspaper. "Go on. Tell us why we don't all make our fortunes like the big people do. Perhaps they never say 'Listen'!"

"It's because we are not big enough."

"Big enough what? Be careful now. Anything you say will be used as evidence against you in the libel action. Big enough——?"

"To make money," said The City Editor. "We are too small; insignificant; diminutive. As regards our financial genius, our capital, our influence. Surely that is patent to us all?"

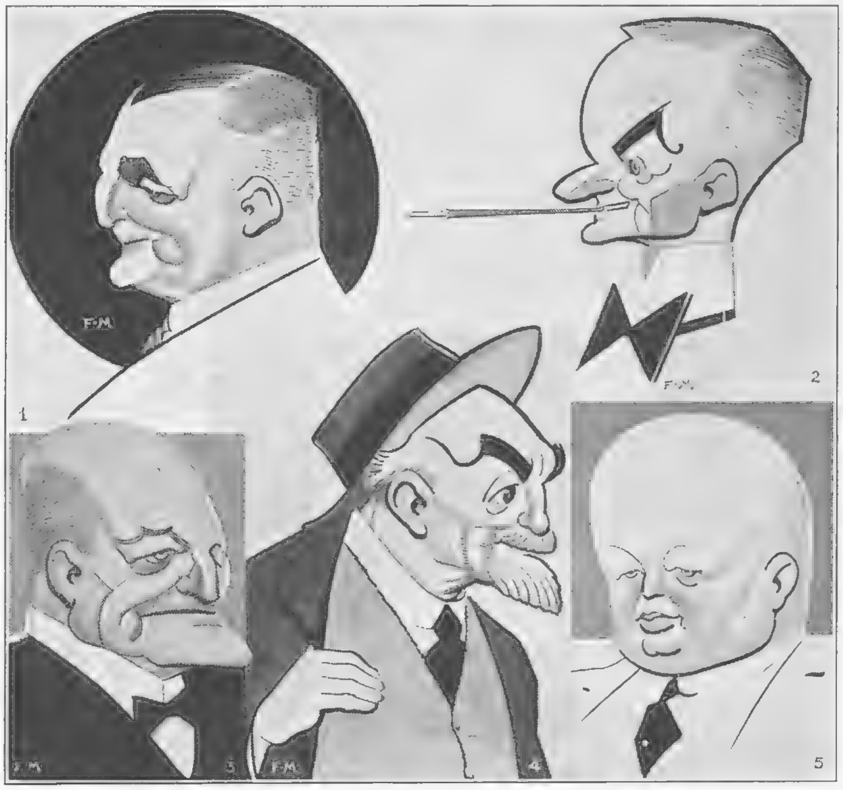
"I shall be rich beyond the bounds of Araby one day——"

"Araby?"

"Arabis, I meant. Gardener yourself, aren't you? Well, I've been planting rubber shares in a few little beds I've got in my financial allotment, and, my boy, my rubber shares are growing very healthily. I am looking forward to the day when I shall be able to retire on laurels bought with my rubber shares."

"Well," said The Broker—"After you with that match. Thank you—I dare say rubbers are more comfortable than Kaffirs to fall back upon."

Friday, July 13, 1934.



Fred May has caricatured this week some prominent HEADS IN BANKING.—1. Mr. R. Holland Martin, C.B., is Chairman of the London Board of Martin's Bank and Hon. Secretary of the Bankers' Clearing House. 2. Mr. R. A. Wilson is Joint General Manager of Lloyds. 3. General the Hon. Sir H. A. Lawrence, K.C.B., is Managing partner in Glyn Mills. 4. The Rt. Hon. Montagu Norman is Governor of the Bank of England. 5. Mr. Frederick Hyde is Managing Director of the Midland Bank.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(*Continued from Page* 130.)

and unamiable. Lady Emily, with her vagueness, her shrewdness, her inspired inconsequence, her passion for making plans, her habit of mislaying her belongings, is a delicious creation, and she never says a word that is not in character. David is a fresh and clever portrait of that well-worn type, the philanderer who trades on his charm. Mr. Holt, the toady, is made as disagreeable as Mrs. Thirkell knows how—that is to say, very disagreeable. Mr. Leslie, the bluff, unintellectual, stock-breeding country gentleman, is almost too simplified a portrait; and Mme. Boulle, their temporary neighbour at the Vicarage, eternally preoccupied with the price of commodities and the superiority of all things French, is a farcical figure, but she provides a great deal of fun.

The story has two weaknesses, I think; one in the subject-matter and one in the treatment. Surely Martin, a sensible and self-conscious English schoolboy, would never have lent himself to the absurd Royalist demonstration planned by his French friends: it was too feeble even to rise to the level of a fiasco. And the other defect is that the emotional passages, though often moving in themselves, are introduced too abruptly: it is as though Mrs. Thirkell were playing the piano, and suddenly remembered she must put the "feeling" in. Her usual mood is *allegro con brio*; she ought to give us more warning before the transitions to *con molto sentimento*. Having said this, I have nothing but praise for "Wild Strawberries." It is a book whose humour will survive a second and even a third reading.

"A Mediæval Post-Bag." Miss Lætitia Lyell calls her collection of fifteenth-century letters "A Mediæval Post-Bag"—a charming title, though misleading if we reckon that the Middle Ages came to an end with the fall of Constantinople. Most of the letters were written after 1453, that ever-to-be-remembered date. However, it is not my purpose, nor am I qualified, to pick holes in a book in which humour, intelligence, and erudition have worked together with such happy results. The letters are arranged in groups under the name of the family that wrote or received them—the Stonors, the Plumptons, the Celys, the Pastons, the Shillingfords, the Marchalls; and among them is included correspondence never previously printed. Those who view the Middle Ages through a rosy haze of sentiment may be shocked by some of the characteristics of these letters. The writers reveal themselves as mercenary and litigious in a marked degree, and never more so than when contemplating marriage on behalf of their children. Margaret Paston writes to her husband—

Right worshipful husband, I recommend me to you. Please you to wit that I was at Norwich this week . . . and . . . there came in one Wrothe, a kinsman of Elizabeth Clere's, and he saw your daughter and praised him to your mother and said she was a goodly young woman; and my mother prayed him for to get for her one good marriage if he knew any; and he said he knew one should be of a 300 mark by year, the which is Sir John Cley's son. . . .

Money, in fact, was hardly ever absent from the writers' thoughts. The married men of Calais, challenging the bachelors to a shooting match, stipulate that the losers shall stand the winners "a dinner or supper per 12d. a man." The letters, however, have their amiable side: a simple and touching piety, and a tone of unvarying courtesy. The illustrations, which show our forefathers going about their daily tasks with a cheerful demeanour, though in somewhat strained attitudes, are delightful. But the anthology would lose half its value were it not for the editor's scholarly, luminous, and discriminating Introduction. She clears up difficult points; she explains where explanation is necessary; her erudition is nicely balanced by her sense of humour. Once again we realise (a fact overlooked by dry-as-dust historians) that Clio was a Muse.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Power to Kill. By Robert Hichens. (*Benn; 7s. 6d.*)
Wild Strawberries. By Angela Thirkell. (*Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.*)
A Mediæval Post-Bag. By Lætitia Lyell. (*Cape; 7s. 6d.*)

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JULY 11.

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DOWN.—1. Cobbler. 2. Married. 3. Alice. 4. Sighted. 5. Hogarth. 6. Gardening. 7. Anemone. 8. Dusters. 14. Unconcern. 16. Startle. 17. Ladders. 18. Dominie. 19. Dog Trot. 20. Edition. 21. Sunless. 24. Adult.

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(*See Page 130*) 18/7/34.

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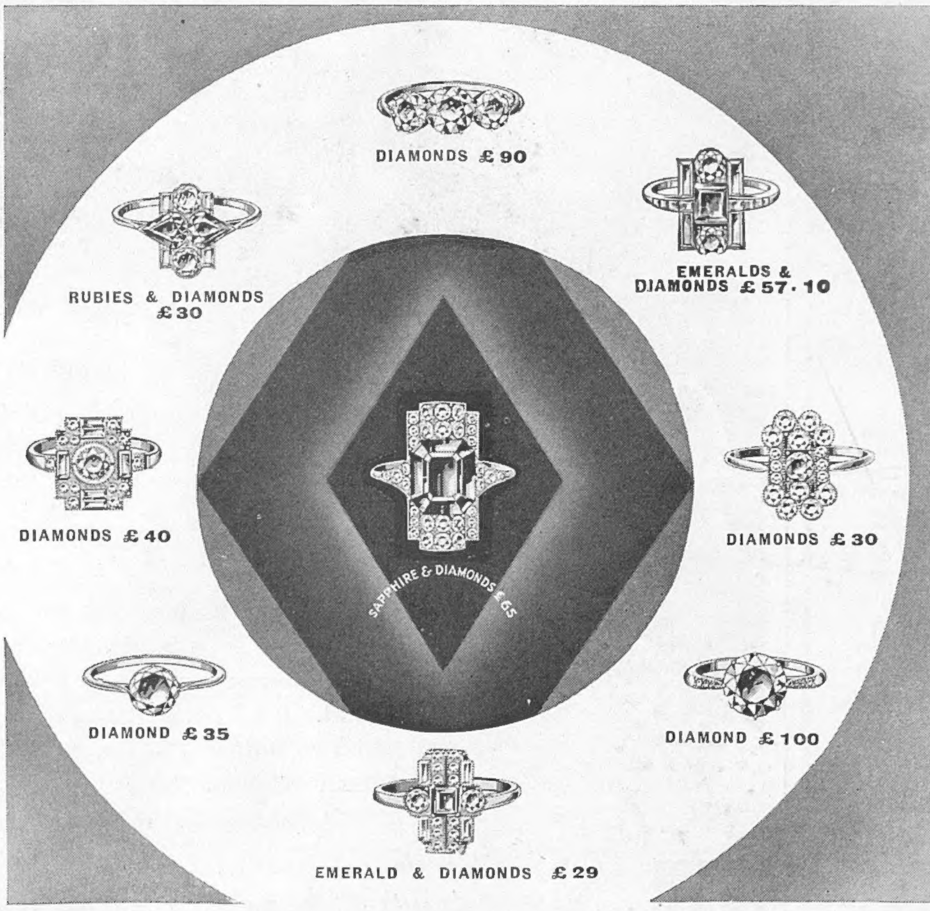

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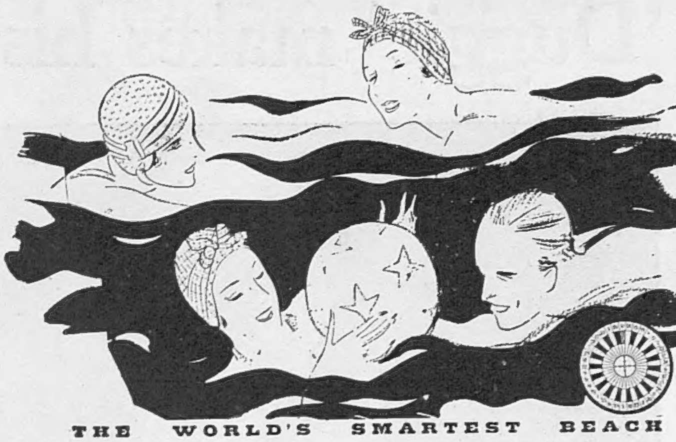

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